

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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Unanimity of Juries.

The result of the Surratt trial is, in many respects, much to be deplored. After an enormous expense the Government succeeds in bringing a suspected criminal before a court of justice, witnesses are summoned on both sides at the cost of the people, the proceedings are spun out to the wearisome length of forty days, and when at last the end is reached, and the country expects to reap the reward of the excessive pains that have been taken, the jury cannot agree upon a verdict and are discharged. Justice is balked; the prisoner is neither acquitted nor convicted, but remitted to jail, with a strong probability that if tried again it must be on some minor charge, on which Government may reasonably hope to secure the unani-

mons decision of a jury. Contrasted with this "most lame and impotent conclusion," some persons have inconsiderately praised the promptitude of the military commission which tried and condemned the first batch of conspirators. It may readily be conceded that a trial where the functions of judges and jurors are united in the same persons may present some marked features of superiority over the late failure in Washington. For instance, in a court so constituted, it is impossible to imagine that indecent squabbles between the judges and the advocates could take place. It is not likely that the prisoner's counsel would pick a quarrel with a member of the military commission and challenge him to mortal combat. Neither is it likely that such a charge as that of Judge Fisher could proceed from any

military mind. But when the qualities of expedition, and the power to enforce decent order in the court are asserted, the sum of the advantages of a military commission is reached. No one in his senses will maintain that in such a court the laws of evidence are likely to be duly observed, that the prisoner would have the advantage of every legal doubt, that the cardinal doctrine that every man must be deemed innocent till found guilty would be steadily kept in view, and that a court organized to convict and punish can be considered impartial.

It is hardly possible since Chief-Justice Cockburn's charge in relation to the military commission that tried and executed the rebels in Jamaica that such a court will ever again be allowed to try men for their lives, at least

among a free people where the principles of law and justice are revered.

But is it not possible that some system may be discovered whereby such a scandalous ending as that of Surratt's trial may be avoided, and yet substantial justice be done? We are convinced there is, and we point to the Scotch method as one well worthy of adoption in our jurisprudence. In Scotland the jury in criminal cases is composed of fifteen persons, and the verdict rendered is that of the majority. It is obvious, therefore, that a disagreement of the jury is no hindrance to a verdict being reached, and we have yet to hear the first tenable objection to such a system being introduced here.

In England, the highest law authorities have repeatedly condemned the demanding unan-



A LESSON FOR THE UNINITIATED—THREE-CARD MONTE PLAYERS ON CONEY ISLAND BEACH.—SEE PAGE 371.

imply in juries. Notably, the Commissioners appointed in 1830 to report upon the Courts of Common Law said: "It is difficult to defend the justice or wisdom of the latter principle" (of requiring unanimity). "It seems absurd that the rights of a party on questions of a doubtful or complicated nature should depend upon his being able to satisfy twelve persons that one particular state of facts is the true one."

And the interests of justice seem manifestly to require a change of law on this subject. In France, also, the law is satisfied with a decision of a majority of the jury. We have not stated, nor is there any necessity here for entering into such details, the difference of practice which obtains in Scotland between juries on criminal and those on civil cases. The same principle of majority pervades both, with some modifications as to the numbers required. The Constitutional Convention might worthily occupy some of its time in the investigation of this question. A system that has prevailed from time immemorial among a people so shrewd and full of practical wisdom as the Scotch cannot be dismissed as a mere theory which has no practice to support it. We are not aware if there are any statistics showing the number of cases before our courts in which the juries could not agree and were discharged, but a great number of cases must be in the recollection of every one in which the disagreement of the jury has wrought actual injustice to the suitors, obliging them, at heavy costs, to begin their actions again, with no certainty that any positive results can ever be reached. As might be expected, too, it is just in cases of the greatest importance this tendency of juries to disagree is a stumbling-block in the path of justice. The spirit of the age will not allow juries to be coerced into agreement by refusing them food till they have rendered their verdict. And it is worth considering whether, since unanimity cannot be secured when it is most desirable a decision be made, such unanimity be essential, and whether the most excellent substitute for it we have suggested might not be advantageously employed.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1867.

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NOTICE.

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Special Notice.

WITH No. 601 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we presented No. 1 of National Portrait Gallery, viz., a Portrait of HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, and with No. 605 a Portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, being No. 2 of the series. In No. 609 is a full-length portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN; and in No. 618 a full-length portrait of ADMIRAL FARQUHAR.

Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

GREAT attractions for the new volume of this favorite family paper. With No. 105 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER each purchaser is entitled to receive a new and elegant Gift Plate, engraved by Linton in the highest style of art, entitled "AGAINST HIS WILL," from the universally admired oil painting by J. G. Brown. In the same number, commencing the Fifth Volume of the CHIMNEY CORNER, was begun a new and exciting SERIAL ROMANCE. As an inducement to the formation of Clubs, we offer as a premium for Thirty Subscribers to the CHIMNEY CORNER a \$55 FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE.

Nuisances of Travel.

AS BETWEEN traveling in a steamboat and traveling by railway, the advantages of comfort, and even luxury, have been, till within a very recent period, altogether in favor of steamboats. In such points as freedom from dust, the capacity of the passengers to move from place to place, comfort in meals, or luxury in sleeping arrangements, our river palaces are as far superior to their rivals of the rail in everything that tends to neutralize the disadvantages of travel as they are inferior to them in speed. We are not forgetting sleeping-cars, nor the newly-invented "palace-cars," which are said to be the perfection of a hotel in motion. But the introduction of these is of very recent date, they can be used by only a very limited number, and it remains to be seen whether this distinction of classes in railway-cars, a palpable imitation of aristocratic forms in Europe, be not so repugnant to our democratic notions that it will not pay. Our comparison is only meant to be drawn between the regular steamers running from this city up the Hudson, or on the Sound, and the average rail-car, with its bare wooden supports for the

elbows and head, its dust, its joltings, and its noise.

But if the patient traveler by the rail be kept for hours in a cramped position, and be half suffocated by defective ventilation, he has at least this comfort, that he is not annoyed by the company around him. Unable, without a prodigious twist of the vertebral column, to see the people behind him, and only the backs of those in front of him being visible, it would be strange if a man could not travel for days together without knowing or caring who his companions were. Far different is it in our steamers. You ramble unrestrained from one end of the boat to the other. You walk, or sit, or lounge, at your own sweet pleasure, and if inclined for sociability, there are unfortunately a large number of persons of both sexes scattered about the saloons only too ready to aid the unwary traveler in dispelling his ennui. It is the presence and importunities of these people which render steamboat traveling in this day so objectionable to families of refinement, purity or good taste. Respectable persons will stay at home, or travel under any amount of discomfort, rather than be made unwilling witnesses of the scenes on the Saturday night Albany and Troy boats. It is using a mild term to call such proceedings disgraceful. The graffiti (wall pictures) of Pompeii, and the sights in the back streets of Yeddo, are used by our religious teachers as illustrations of the abominations of heathendom and paganism, but for gross violations of all the decencies of a Christian and civilized life, commend us to the upper tier of state-rooms in the conveyances we have named. The proprietors may say in excuse that they have no legal right to refuse a passage to any one. The public will credit this plea only when a noted pickpocket or a member of the *demi-monde* sues the company for damages for refusing to convey him or her on the ground of their notorious bad character, and brings their character into court for investigation. Till this happens we shall believe that the steamboat companies are quite indifferent to whatever indecencies are publicly committed in their boats, so long as they are crowded with passengers.

Each line of steamers seems to have its special patrons. By placards warning the public against sharpers and gamblers, those gentry have been almost driven away from the North River boats, only to be replaced, however, as we have seen, by criminals of a deeper dye. But driven from the North River, they have taken refuge in the East, and a polite invitation by a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking fellow, to join in a quiet game of euchre, which every one receives at one time or other on board the boats on that route, shows how the "tide of emigration" has set. There are few men who are singly a match for a set of gamblers, but every now and then, as was the case last week, their schemes are foiled. The moral to be drawn from such *rencontres* is, that respectable people will take the rail-cars with all their inconveniences, yet with comparative privacy, rather than steamboats with their luxuries of space and cleanliness, which yet must be shared with the outcasts of both sexes, who, in spite of their being well-dressed, are the most loathed and despised of their respective professions.

The Queen's Memorial.

THE public is already well acquainted with the design and scope of this work, the latest example of royal authorship. It is the biography of the late Prince Consort written by the widowed Queen, and is designed as a memorial of his numerous virtues, and a monument of the affection with which his memory is cherished. So laudable a design even in the case of the humblest persons would secure such a work from ordinary criticism. Still more complete is the exemption when a sovereign like Victoria descends from her high estate to talk familiarly with her people, to take them, as it were, into her confidence, and to show them more perfectly than they have yet known the causes of her long seclusion, and the justification of her grief.

The extracts which have chiefly circulated in the newspapers have been of the character of mere gossip. We do not complain of this, though we suppose there are other parts of the work of more enduring interest. When the "divinity that doth hedge a king" is removed, people generally expect to see some modes of life, some records of thought and feeling essentially different from those of the rest of mankind. There is a large class of persons who experience a sense of agreeable surprise when they find that kings and queens, when allowed to follow their own inclinations, make love very much in the same way that ordinary mortals do, and enjoy their domestic felicities and, it may be presumed, suffer some inevitable infelicities also, like the lowliest of their subjects who venture on the perils of matrimony. The story, to be sure, is never old, never wearisome, and any man may be certain of an audience who in an earnest, unaffected way, will tell how he popped the question,

and how his suit was accepted. In the case of the Queen, this world-old tale derives an additional interest, if not a sort of grotesqueness, from the circumstance that she had to propose, and the option of acceptance was with her future husband, but the story is told in such a strain of genuine earnestness and goodness that we half lose sight of the incongruity in the charm of the narration. As we have said, however, all this is mere gossip, and we may be very sure that it was not the Queen's object simply to gratify such an ignoble passion. There are other and very obvious deductions to be drawn from this book, some of which we shall briefly point out.

There is no doubt that the British nation has felt the long withdrawal of their monarch from public life as a national misfortune. It may be ungenerous to suppose that this proceeds altogether from selfish motives, though there is no doubt that a large number of work-people in London suffer severely from the absence of the usual Court festivities. But a Court of which a head remains in close seclusion leads an unnatural life. There are duties which cannot be delegated, and above all, there is a tone which can only be preserved by the Queen herself. The growing discontent of the nation has lately on various occasions found vent, and this book is the Queen's reply. It says in effect, "You, my people, have not understood the loss both you and I have sustained in the death of Prince Albert. I will show what sort of man he was—how eminent his virtues, how perfect his private character—and then judge if I do wrong to mourn, inconsolably, for the loss of such a husband."

There are not wanting in this work warnings to the heir-apparent that he had better take care of what he is about. This is a matter which is interesting only to the British people. It is nothing to us if the young man goes to the bad; but one thing is very certain, that the continuance of the Monarchy in England must depend henceforward on the personal character of the sovereign. Another George the Fourth will never be endured.

Strong-minded women will derive little satisfaction from this book. It is in another way a greater blow to their pretensions than the late cruel treatment of their claims by the State Convention. The first lady in the world puts on record that she needed the support and guidance of one of the other sex. All the blandishments and scoldings of the female orators of the Woman's Rights Society cannot outweigh this simple tribute to the essential superiority of the other sex. Horace Greeley may vote against their enfranchisement, and other friends of the cause may grow lukewarm; these defections might have been remedied, such disloyalty was not necessarily fatal to their cause; but the heaviest blow, one whose force cannot be evaded or overcome, is this touching and womanly memorial written by Queen Victoria.

Ferry Bridges.

IT is seldom the press has to record a more willful disregard of human life than in the circumstances connected with the death of John Donnerlin, the bridge-keeper at the Hoboken ferry-house, at the foot of Barclay street. It was proved at the inquest held on the body of the unfortunate man that the bridge was not provided with floats underneath, as required by law; that it was only suspended by chains, which had broken within two weeks past, inflicting then severe injuries on the poor man whose violent death was the result of this second catastrophe. It is also said that the bridge has again been elevated by the same chains that broke on Tuesday. The chains parted with the weight of only two men on the bridge. A few minutes later, and a crowd of people going to the boat would have been upon it, and the loss of life would have been fearful.

With these facts before them, for the coroner's jury to record a simple verdict of gross negligence against the ferry company was, in our opinion, a gross negligence of their own duty. What does this rich and powerful company care for such recorded opinions? With this warning before them, the company hangs the bridge on the same chains whose fracture has just had so fatal a result; and all that an indignant remonstrance from the passengers would have got from the company's officers would have been the insolent remark, that people need not cross the ferry unless they liked. There will never be an end to this criminal disregard of human life till coroners' juries discharge their duties more faithfully. The proper verdict in this case would have been one of homicide against the manager of the ferry. Then the coroner would have issued his warrant for the arrest of the responsible party; in due time he must have stood his trial, and if, being a man of wealth and social distinction, he had been sentenced to five years' hard labor in the State Prison, we will warrant no more chains would break, and no more poor men be hurried into eternity by an agonizing death.

Of course the ferry company is liable in civil damages to the family of this man for having

caused his death by their negligence. So are city railroad companies when their drivers cripple a boy for life. But the sense of public justice will never be satisfied—these (so-called) accidents will perpetually recur—so long as the agents and owners of these monopolies can escape before man's justice (before God's they cannot) the doom of those who shed innocent blood.

British Tourists.

MUCH of the ill-feeling we bear toward the English has been occasioned by the ignorant and one-sided views given of us by the British travelers, who, after "shutting their eyes, have opened their mouths," and talked arrant nonsense about us and our institutions. That we are a vain and excitable people is true—it would be a miracle if we were not. All young and vigorous nations, like all young and vigorous individuals, are proud of their youth, and their strength and their beauty, and as we have an inexhaustible wealth to boast as well, we become in proportion somewhat too exacting, and demand a recognition which the waning beauties of a former age are not very willing to give. We shall, however, outgrow this little foible, and, secure of our position as the youngest, richest, strongest, and most prosperous nation on the earth, shall care very little what the old fogies or faded beauties of the Old World say of us.

But besides such critics as these, we have occasionally been visited and written of by intellects of a far higher order. Mrs. Frollope, who came to establish a millinery business, not succeeding, fired at our heads a book, which, although ill-natured, was too true not to gall our *amour propre*. Still we think the physis he administered did us good. Captain Marryatt's book drove six miles of pork out of Broadway to the suburbs. Dickens came to negotiate a copyright for his works, and published a very fair book, but far too shallow to please the small class of true thinkers, while the "faint praise" he bestowed upon the general aspect of society was considered a very poor return for the vulgar enthusiasm we had shown in his reception. Dr. Russell will, we predict, yet see a fairer measure of justice dealt to him than our people are now willing to allow; for not only in his book, but in all he wrote about us after his return to England, he earnestly and consistently maintained that the North must ultimately be victorious, as it deserved to be. The last special tourist of any note was Mr. Hepworth Dixon, editor of the *London Athenaeum*, but the book in which he gives his opinions devotes so much of its space to the glories of Mormonism that we await the second volume before we gauge his abilities of research and appreciation. We have now among us the most important of all our foreign visitors, Mr. John Oxenford, the world-wide renowned literary editor of the *London Times*. Eminent as a scholar, a dramatist, a philosopher, and a man of the world, he is more calculated to do us justice than all that have preceded him. He will remain in New York for a short time, to arrange his tour to our other great cities.

Winkle and Kennedy.

DICKENS sums up the valor of Winkle, one of the Pickwick Club, by saying that he always carefully selected the smallest boy in the crowd, and deliberately "pitched into him." In this respect Winkle and the Police are very much alike, especially the Police. Winkle is only famous for belonging to the Pickwick Club, while the Police are equally famous—or notorious—for their Club. Their valor is equally Winklish. They allow bullies and roughs, to say nothing of car conductors and ferry hands, to assault and murder newsboys, peaceable women and children, while they carefully select the smallest and most inoffensive of our citizens to try the "magic salve" of their club upon. How often do we read of their brutally beating some helpless tipsy wretch, or some boy who has wounded their dignity, while rowdies and ruffians spread terror through a picnic party or railroad car with impunity, or else outrage poor servant girls, who cannot walk a block after nightfall except at peril of life or limb! We have always supported the supremacy of the law, and upheld the just authority of the police, but under the present régime they are less a terror to criminals and rowdies than to our honest and inoffensive citizens. Another decade of King Kennedy, and he and his myrmidons will be abolished, as a greater evil and nuisance than the ruffians of our city. The absurd military pomp with which they arrogate to themselves the sidewalk as they march in detail every day, pushing pedestrians on their line of march to the right and to the left, is a gross impertinence, and ought to be stopped without delay. Kennedy would find a more appropriate sphere in Dahomey or Ethiopia. He would make a good chief of police to King Theodore. A civilized community in a free country is too narrow a sphere for his transcendent ability in making his office and himself alike detested.

TOWN GOSSIP.

The doings and the existence of that mysterious body known as the lobby are to be fully examined and reported upon by a select committee upon official corruption, which has its place of meeting in Albany, and has already commenced its labors.

It is alleged in the testimony already given before the committee that one hundred and eighteen members of the late Legislature can be proved to have been guilty of corrupt practices. It is asserted that no bill, never mind what might be its evident utility to the best interests of the commonwealth, could ever pass without funds, which were confessedly used in buying votes.

If these things are so, and there is a wide-spread suspicion, it might almost be said a conviction, that they are, it most certainly behooves the people to see to it, and see to it quickly, that they are changed.

It is a difficult thing to say how they can be changed. There appears to be a corrupting influence in politics, which taints the honesty of even the honestest men when subjected to its influence.

But is there anything inherent in the nature of legislation for the public which must make this always so? If such is the case, then the fundamental doctrine of republicanism is wrong, and it is foolish to profess or practice it.

This, however, is a conclusion, which we as a people would be very slow to allow, nor is there any necessity for it. Let the committee first proceed with their investigation, let them unearth this mysterious lobby, and then let us at least make one more effort to sift the chaff from the wheat, among those who claim to be our representatives.

Who shall say in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-seven that the world is not improving? If any one does, let him read the accounts of the establishment of an Anti-Gambling Society, or, as it styles itself, "The Society for the Suppression of Gambling."

It seems that there is really such an association of gentlemen, and that they have commenced the campaign in earnest. What the success of their efforts will be remains to be seen.

The incredulous sneeringly ask, why it is that a party of well-meaning gentlemen, who are eager in attempting a reform in this matter, do not, instead of attacking the out-of-the-way and unimportant gambling-shops, go right to headquarters, and attempt the suppression of wealthy places, whose success has made their proprietors legislators and statesmen? But such a query is unmeaning and out of place; for we should certainly not be too curiously captious concerning such well-intended projects.

It is a question, however, whether the suppression of gambling is possible, unless it includes the suppression of human nature. And certainly, if the principle is to be carried out rigorously, what will become of Wall street, of the stock-exchange, and of business generally.

Sydney Smith used to maintain, in defense of the English system of distribution of places and preferments in the English church, by which some few fortunate bishops received the few enormous incomes attached to their positions, while the large majority of the clergy were rather poorly paid, and a great many most wretchedly, that human nature was so constituted, that the spirit of gambling was so inherent in us, that the small chance of obtaining one of the great prizes was the inducement which led so many persons to take orders in the church.

If this is so, and Sydney Smith has a large reputation for a knowledge of the world, then it would appear that the clergy themselves are by no means exempt, not only from the tendency, but from the practice of gambling.

It is certainly true with regard to business, that its present organization, the large element of speculation which enters into it, and the numerous unforeseen and incalculable chances upon which its success depends, make the whole of it partake most strongly of the nature of gambling.

How then is gambling to be suppressed? It can only be by introducing into the management of affairs stability instead of uncertainty, order instead of disorder. By making the rewards of honest persistent labor certain and sure, and by rendering monopoly and speculation impossible.

This is, however, a programme which probably the members of the Society for the Suppression of Gambling never anticipated. Perhaps its realization might destroy some of the means by which they themselves gain their livelihood.

But be this as it may, the result is certainly a good one, and must eventually be brought to pass, though there is no probability of its immediate introduction by any such means as this society appears to propose for action.

Amusements in the City.

A change in the week's amusements at the New York Theatre and Banvard's Museum. "Nobody's Daughter," in company with Miss Kate Reynolds, and very good company it is—has succeeded from the former establishment, and is running merrily at the latter. At the New York, Mr. Augustin Daly's new and original drama, "Under the Gaslight," was produced with some éclat last week. It is a play of New York life—or, rather, of life as it may be by a stretch of poetic license, be supposed to exist in New York. Mr. A. H. Davenport makes his *entrée* in the piece, after a prolonged absence, as a well of the dangling type. The character of one Skerkey, a soldier messenger, is very naturally rendered by Mr. J. K. Mortimer; while that of Byke, the villain of the piece, is sustained by Mr. J. B. Studley with an ease of facility which few but Mr. Studley himself can reach. Mr. C. T. Parsloe delineates a New York character of low life with a gusto and vivacity peculiar to himself. The leading characters of the opposite sex are cleverly sustained by Miss Rose Eyttinge, Miss Blanche Gey, and that experienced and still piquant actress, Mrs. Skerrett. As a play, the piece is one of a somewhat tangled web, not devoid, however, of situations that tell to the audience, which have been very fair ones, numerically, considering the very unfair state of the weather. A great deal of the success of "Under the Gaslight" is due to artistic and mechanical skill—a point in which it does not materially differ from nine out of every ten new plays put upon our Metropolitan boards.

A very interesting four act play, dramatized from Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," and entitled "Little Nell," has been fitted especially by Mr. John Brougham for Miss Lotta, and is presented nightly at Wallack's. Lotta personates in this drama the two characters of Little Nell and the Marchioness, two opposite characters, in which the versatility of this popular little actress is displayed to great advantage. The piece is what may be termed a lively one—it runs, draws and pays.

A change in the programme at the Olympic brought out Mr. John Brougham, on Thursday evening last and during the week, in his well-known comedy, "Playing With Fire," Brougham in his original character of Dr.

Savage, Miss Emily Thorne in that of Mrs. Herbert Waverly. Variety has been the observance at this theatre during Mr. Brougham's occupation of it, and his repertoire is not exhausted yet.

At the Bowery, "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," the leading parts by Mr. W. H. Whalley and Mrs. W. G. Jones, with clever little Alice Nunan as the Drunkard's Daughter, has been the principal *pièce de résistance* during the past week, aided by such roaring pieces as "Rory O'More."

The Park Theatre, Brooklyn, will be opened next week, under the management of Mrs. F. B. Conway.

To stray a little from what are strictly amusements in the city, we will just mention that the popular garden concert of Mr. Theodore Thomas are continued nightly at the Terrace Garden, rain or no rain. The Arion Vocal Society has announced a grand festival for Thursday evening last, at Falk's Lion Park. The celebration was postponed until Friday evening, however, on account of the rain. The summer has been an unusually unfavorable one for out-door amusements of all kinds, but the Arions managed to carry their festival through to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Rehearsal at the French Theatre in September, after which that establishment will pass into the hands of Mr. H. L. Bateman, for the production of his Offenbach troupe.

Whenever it pleases Jupiter Pluvius to "drizzle up" and keep the peace on Saturday afternoons, Dodworth draws crowds of happy and well-dressed people to Central Park with the charms of his excellent band.

ART GOSSIP.

SEVERAL of our New York artists have taken wing for Europe, lately. Among these are G. H. Yewell and H. A. Loop, who intend to remain absent for a year or two, at least.

Miss Vinnie Ream, the sculptor, lately opened a studio in this city; but she has, we understand, abandoned for the present her design of becoming domiciled in N. Y. York, having been called elsewhere by numerous professional engagements.

Mr. G. P. Putnam has now on view in his art gallery several specimens of the new art of photographing—an art which we briefly described in these columns some time ago. There are statues of General Grant, Admiral Farragut, Mr. Horace Greeley, and other persons with whom the public is more or less familiar. We cannot think that these examples of sculpture are comparable to work that comes direct from the hand and mind of the sculptor of genius. They possess the advantage of cheapness, however, and will doubtless be acceptable to the million as household ornaments.

Clark Mills, the Washington sculptor, is at work on his model for an equestrian statue of General Robert E. Lee. It was stated, a short time since, that Miss Vinnie Ream was engaged on a statue of the same subject; but the lady, as we are informed, has contradicted that report.

Edwin Forbes passes a portion of the summer making sketches in Dutchess County, N. Y.

W. Whittredge does not go to the Western Territories this year, as he had intended. That wild region is hardly the place for artists, just now, owing to the temper of the Aborigines. Yet what a grand subject for an artist would be that fearful conflict between the savages and the "iron horse," in *Prairie Valley*! The romance of the railway train has as much awful poetry in it as the famous cavalry charge at *Balaklava*.

W. H. Phillips, the sculptor, is engaged in modeling a bust of Admiral Farragut. It promises to be a very spirited likeness.

We may look for a new version of Niagara Falls from the pencil of Regis Gignoux, who is, or was lately, a visitor at that great centre for tourists.

BOOK NOTICES.

WOOL-GATHERING. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is an account of travels as far West as Minnesota and as far South as Chautauque, in which the incidents narrated are in themselves little noteworthy, but out of which the author, by her easy and lively style, has contrived to make a very readable book.

AN ARCTIC BOAT JOURNEY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1864. By ISAAC I. HAYES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is a new and enlarged edition of the work which was originally published in 1865. It contains fourteen illustrations and charts.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

BRADSHAW'S RETROSPECT OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE AND SURGERY. Part LV. New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams.

THE ART JOURNAL. August. New York: Virtue & Sonnet.

LITTLE DORRIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. Diamond Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A Lesson for the Uninitiated—Three-Card Monte on Coney Island Beach.

THREE-CARD MONTE is a simple trick of sleight-of-hand, somewhat similar to the three cups and the "little joker," so common on the same ground, but if anything it is simpler. Were the game between two greenhorns, the chances from the number of the cards would be two to one in favor of the dealer, an inequality, however, that might be overcome by quick sight. But in that lies the trick; the imperfection of human vision—unknown to all that have not made it a study—is the groundwork of the game; a man trusts to his eyes very naturally, and is deceived just as he would be by a juggler; he is as sensible in betting on his judgment as he would be to lay a wager against Herr Anderson when he undertakes to convert an egg into a chicken, or bring gold-fish out of a globe full of ink.

Sleight-of-hand is simply ridiculous when exposed, and in the hope of saving a few thoughtless youths from becoming the victims of vulgar sharpers, we will explain how this trick is done. Two of the cards—all of which are first slightly bent so as to present a convex surface when lying on the table—are taken in the right hand, and held between the thumb and first two fingers, the upper being sustained by the index finger, and the lower, which is generally the king, by the next. One of these cards can be released when they are thrown, and the eye cannot tell which it is; but on the contrary, the eye is made to follow the wrong one. If the lower card is thrown, the upper is simultaneously dropped to the second finger, and retained long enough to mislead; so if the upper card is delivered first, the lower is instantly changed to the index finger and set down ostentatiously. Of course the player alternates his mode of dealing, and watches the better if the latter repeats the experiment, which he rarely does, so as to change accordingly. The most ingenious trick is, where a confederate marks a card while the dealer's attention is apparently distracted in order to entrap the greenhorn through his willingness to cheat; but against that we have nothing to say; it is diamond dust.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

The Surratt trial, besides having feebled in a division of the jury and given rise to a disgraceful scene between the judge presiding and the counsel for the prisoner, has also attracted public notice by the fact that the counsel has challenged the judge to a duel, and the judge has stricken the counsel from the list of practitioners at the bar. In fact the whole affair is one of the best evidences of the result of our present system of justice. The cost of the trial is over \$100,000, no verdict is arrived at, and there remains only a petty and disreputable squabble between the judge and the counsel, in which the bar and the public are involuntarily involved.

Four men, two ferrymen and two passengers were carried over Niagara Falls on the 14th of August.

The study of the letters written by the various correspondents from the watering-places are exceedingly interesting as evidences of the wonderful vulgarities which persistently push themselves into public notice. It would seem from some of these letters that a new style of advertising was developed by our system of fashionable summer resorts. It consists in having a wife who shall attract such notice by her beauty and brilliancy of dress as to secure a mention in every letter written for the papers. The exquisite ingenuity shown in thus combining business and pleasure must excite the deepest admiration in every unprejudiced observer.

The official report of the Bureau for Educating the Freedmen of the South cannot but prove very gratifying to all who have the best interests of this class at heart. The superintendent for South Carolina reports that during the past two years 25,000 of the freedmen have learned to read and write.

At the recent attack made by the Indians upon the railroad at Plum Creek, a man named Thompson, who was sent before to repair the telegraph, while engaged at this work, was surprised by the Indians, shot and scalped, but lay quiet and finally escaped, bringing his scalp, which he picked up from the ground where the Indians had dropped it, in his hand. It is expected that he will recover.

The investigation into the enormities committed in the Paterson Almshouse still continues, and appears to develop still further outrages. It is alleged that Sigler, on a salary of about four hundred dollars, has succeeded in acquiring a fortune from the labor of the poor creatures placed under his charge. One of the worst aspects of a case like this is, that it shows such things are possible, that our social organization is so imperfect that such injustice can be done.

The National Academy of Sciences have had their yearly meeting at Hartford, Connecticut, at which, on motion of Professor Newton, of Yale College, the Honorable Henry Barnard, Commissioner of Education at Washington, made an address, in which he said that the object of the National Department of Education, of which he was the Superintendent, had for its object the collecting of statistics in regard to educational progress in all the States, that seekers of information relative to this great subject might have a fountain-head from which to receive the desired knowledge. It was designed to obtain, as early as practicable, accurate but condensed information of the designation, history, and present condition of every institution and agency of education in the United States, and of the name, residence, and special work of every person in the administration, instruction and management of the same. This information was to embrace the following: Elementary or Primary Education; Academic or Secondary Education; College or Superior Education; Professional, Special, or Class Education; societies, institutes, museums, cabinets, and galleries for the advancement of education, sciences, literature and the arts; educational benefactions; legislation, State or municipal, respecting education; school architecture; penal and charitable institutions; churches and other agencies of religious instruction; reports and other publications on schools and education; memoirs of teachers and promoters of education; examinations, competitive or otherwise, for admission to national or State schools, to public service of any kind.

The unusual number of camp-meetings now in session is supposed to be the cause of the late unusual prevalence of rain, somewhat upon the same principle that the advent of the Quakers in the city at the May Conventions always produces the same result. The explanation is hardly scientific, but is still the best yet offered.

Foreign.

The Atlantic Telegraph reports, at the rate of five dollars a word in gold, that the weather in London is very hot. Considering the cost, the sending of such information would seem to show great coolness on the part of the agent of the Associated Press.

It is now suggested that the mental alienation of Charlotte, the wife of Maximilian, was caused by her being poisoned in Mexico, and it is hoped that if the fact is so, medical treatment may be able to restore her to health.

The insurrection in Crete still continues, and reports of Turkish barbarities are frequent. Though these are perhaps exaggerated, yet still there can be no doubt that the insurgents are treated with a barbarity which would justify the protest of the civilized nations of Europe.

Hayti has had a new Constitution framed for it by the National Constituent Assembly, which has some improvements to the old. Free education is provided for, together with freedom of the press and religion. The right of suffrage is made general, and twenty-one is the age. The president is elected for four years, and cannot serve a second term until after the expiration of four years.

The Reform Bill in England, having passed both Houses of Parliament, and received the assent of the Queen, has become the law.

During the year there have visited Paris and the Great Exposition fifty-eight rulers, of whom forty-five were sovereigns and princes, three queens and ten princesses, ten kings, six reigning princes, nine heiresses presumptive, and one viceroys. What a triumph for one who was in early life looked on as a visionary to be the host of so much genuine royalty!

Admiral Farragut has arrived in Europe, and on the 26th of July, with Minister Dix, dined with the Emperor of the French. During his absence in Paris for this purpose, the Empress returned to Cherbourg, where the admiral's fleet was lying, and was received with honors.

Portugal has abolished slavery and also capital punishment, and in honor of this event Victor Hugo has given vent to a few sentences of rhapsodical congratulation, in answer to a letter from M. Pedro de Brito Aranha, giving him the information.

The Quaker City, which, it will be remembered, started with an excursion party to the Holy Land, has been quarantined at Naples. The excursionists are said to be very much disgusted at such an unexpected detention, and no wonder.

King Theodoros of Abyssinia still keeps his captives prisoners, and while an expedition is contemplated against him, it is feared that should one be sent, he, in his rage, would immediately order them all to be slain. Under the circumstances it is most difficult to say what is the best course; but while dilating, the poor captives remain in a sad condition.

Carlyle has expressed himself in another howl, entitled, "Shooting Niagara: And After?" which was hardly needed to show the wonderfully narrow character of his mind.

The long-talked-of book by Queen Victoria has finally been published. It is a record of the early years of her association with Prince Albert, and from the letters given in it, it appears that their match was really a love one. The book, evinces great interest among that class of people to whom the doings of royalty are always interesting, and is to them a source of surprise, as show-

ing that even rulers are human. One singular thing appears from it, that it is etiquette for a queen not to wait for an offer, but to make it herself. This lesson should not be thrown away upon the fair of this country, since each one of them is, by our theory of government, a sovereign.

MERRY MISERY.—Some one observed once to Dr. Johnson, that it seemed strange that he, who so often delighted his company by his lively conversation, should say that he was miserable. "Alas! it is all outside," replied the sage; "I may be cracking my jokes, and cursing the sun. 'Sun, how I hate thy beams!' Boswell appends a foot-note, in which he remarks that beyond doubt a man may appear very gay in company, who is sad at heart. 'His merriment is like the sound of drums and trumpeets in a battle, to drown the groans of the wounded and dying.' It is well known that Cowper was in a morbidly despondent state when he penned 'John Gilpin,' of which delectable ballad, and its congeners, he himself bears record: 'Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all.' In the height of his ill-fortune, in 1836, Sir Walter Scott was ever living vent, in his *Diary* or elsewhere, to some whimsical outburst or humorous rally; and after indulging an extra gay *jeu d'esprit* in his journal, just before leaving his dingy Edinburgh lodgings for Abbotsford, he follows it up next day by this bit of self-portraiture: 'Anybody would think, from the sal-decal composure of my journal of yesterday, that I felt town in a very gay humor; *cujus contrarium verum est*. But nature has given me a kind of buoyancy—I know not what to call it—that mingled even with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours. I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distresses strange matches of mirth which have no mirth in them.'

I NEVER shall forget a story told me once of an English tourist pedestrianizing in Sardinia, who, halting one sundown at a very primitive village *top*, thought he might make himself tidier and more comfortable by a good wash. So, procuring a tub and some hot water, he proceeded as a preliminary measure to wash his feet. It is presumable that the people of the inn had never before seen an Englishman, and, indeed, anybody, taking a foot-bath; at all events heads were popped in at the door; curious eyes peeped through the windows; shrill exclamations, seemingly feminine, of "Santa Maria purissima!" were heard. The thing got noised abroad. It was spoken of at the fountain. The brigadier of gendarmes twirled his mustache, and determined to ask the *forestiero* for his passport as some of his feet were dry. But the population was excited and combed, he came from his toilet. A song in honor of him was improvised. It was a most glorious sunset. Suddenly there was a cry of "Una festa una festa!" Never was a festival so soon gotten up. Tables and benches were heaped in a corner, and the population began to dance. I believe they kissed the Englishman, and that he "stood" pennorths of wine all round. They brought out the oldest man in the village, set him in an arm-chair, and crowned him with flowers. The curé came out of his house and blessed them. Somebody bought a squib and let it off. It was fairly said. It was patrie rebel. The golden age had come again!

WRITING FOR FAME OR PROFIT.—"People may say this and that," says Walter Scott, "of the pleasure of fame or of profit as a motive of writing. I think the only pleasure is in the actual exertion of research, and I would no more write upon any other terms than I would hunt merely to dine upon hare-soup." At the same time, Scott admits that if credit and profit came unlooked for, he would no more quarrel with them than with the soup. Nor did he, when after years brought him unrivaled renown and unprecedented payments—whether "Marmion," at the rate, according to Byron's satire, of half-a-crown a line (Murray's and Miller's joint-stock venture), or the Waverley series, to which Abbotsford owed its rise and fall. Monsieur de Tocqueville, in one of his letters to Madame Swetchine, records the invariably good news he is receiving on the subject of his "History of the Ancient Régime," and candidly confesses that this charms him, and that he does not possess the philosophical indifference to success which it would be proper to affect. "To you, however," he adds, "I ought, perhaps, to apologize, rather for being too little, than too much pleased; for a very real mental defect is the weakness which causes me always to long for what is beyond my grasp, and makes what I have most coveted lose its charm as soon as I have caught hold of it. It is not, I know, my especial malady, but that of human nature; still, I believe that I suffer from it peculiarly. It is the old, old story:

The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm by being caught.

WORK.—In the course of Mr. Walter White's Month in Yorkshire, that indefatigable pedestrian and penman fell in with a set of miners at some alum works, with whom on their reckless expenditure of large earnings he ventured to remonstrate; reminding them that if a man spent all his earnings, it mattered little whether they were large or small. The following "intensely English remark," on their part, has been acquired for its spirit and substance: "Look here, lad, I'd rather earn fifty shilling a week and spend 'em right off into that pond there, than 'arn fifteen to keep.' What is admiring in this sentiment, with all its improvidence, is the something eminently bold and vigorous it expresses, that the work, and not the wages, is the most important feature in a man's life. Upon this topic Mr. Anthony Trollope delivers himself with unwonted enthusiasm in his description of a hard-working lawyer's enjoyment of the hard work. It is not the prize, he asserts, that can make us happy; it is not even the winning of the prize, though for the one short hour of triumph that is pleasant enough. 'The struggle, the long hot hour of the honest fight, the grinding work—when the teeth are set, and the skin moist with sweat and rough with dust, when all is doubtful and sometimes desperate, when a man must trust to his own manhood, knowing that those around him trust to it not at all—that is the happy time of life.' Indeed, Mr. Trollope explicitly affirms that there is no human bliss equal to twelve hours of work with only six hours in which to do it. And further, that when the expected pay for that work is worse than doubtful, the inner satisfaction is so much the greater.

It is becoming absolutely necessary to introduce a censorship of the press. Long ago the French Government made it a penal matter to print false intelligence; and unless our own daily contemporaries, English and foreign, look a little sharper after their extracts, we shall see good reason for extending the provision of French police law into England and Germany. Two literary jokes have been puzzling the general reader during the past fortnight: one, invented by *Figaro*, a satirical Paris journal, about the late Emperor Maximilian; the other, invented by our clever contemporary, *Scholes from the Clubs*, about Prince Gortchakoff. *Figaro* gave an impossible account of the last days of Maximilian at Querétaro, which was instantly reprinted in our own daily papers, in many as authentic. *Scholes from the Clubs* gave a burlesque imitation of Prince Gortchakoff's dispatches, taking the Irish question for text. It was a clever parody of some of Lord Russell's despatches about Poland, and the fun of the thing lay in showing how easily the argument, known in the streets as "You're another," might be pressed against an English statesman. Well, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, generally a careful paper, copied the squib as an authentic document; thence it passed to Vienna, Frankfurt, Paris, and finally made its way to London from the German. When the censorship is established, in lieu of a signature being attached to literary articles, we submit that the new regulation should require every writer to say whether he is in jest or earnest.

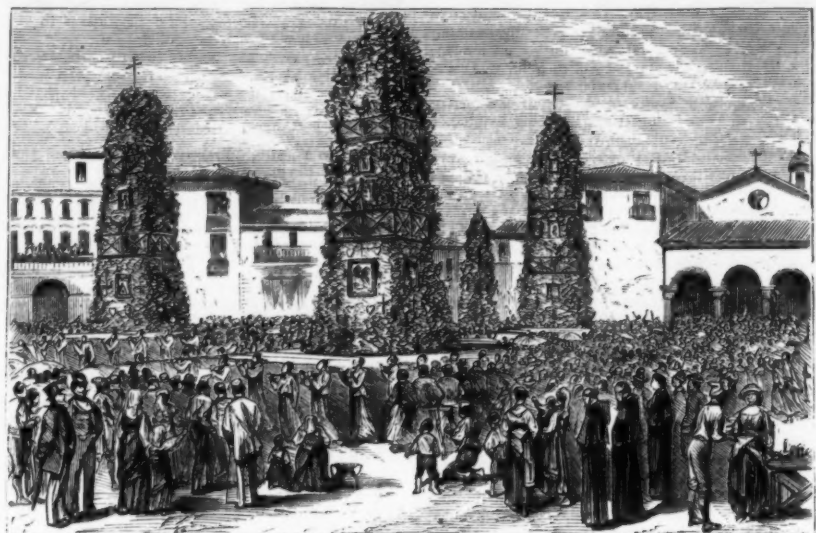
The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



RECEPTION OF THE SULTAN AT GUILDHALL, LONDON.

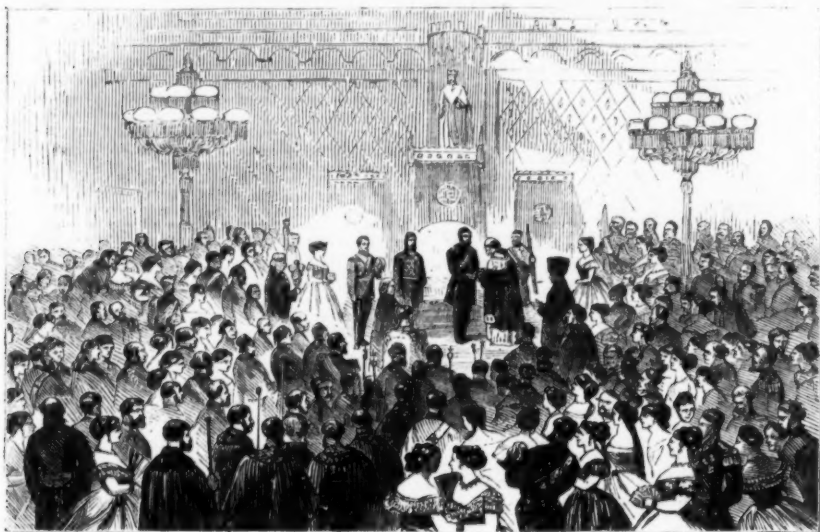
The Reception of the Sultan at Guildhall, London.
The visit of the Sultan of Turkey to the Corporation

King street, Cheapside, in several carriages of state, with an escort of Horse Guards, about seven o'clock. The Prince of Wales and other illustrious guests ar-



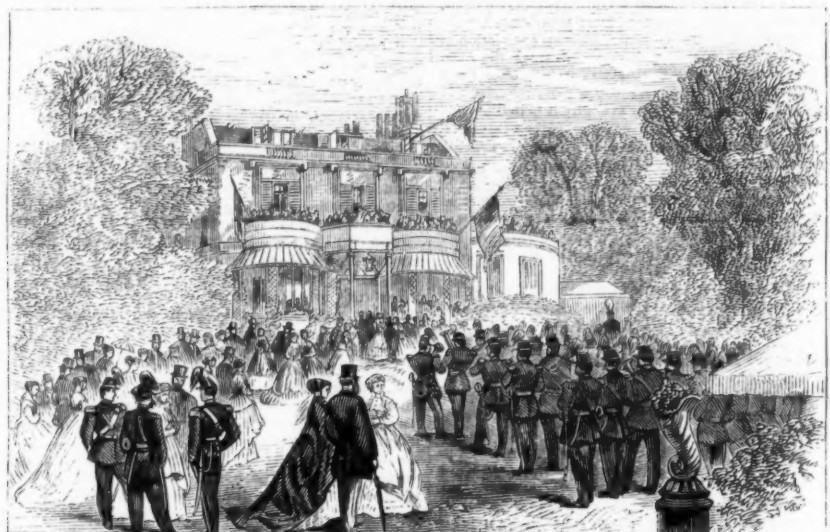
PROCESSION AT NOLA, IN ITALY, ON THE OCCASION OF THE FETE OF THE LILIES.

pavilion was 120 ft. in length, presenting a double colonnade, with statues between the columns, and surmounted by a pediment and panels filled with statuary, tains and vases of flowers. At each corner was a stair case leading to the supper-rooms, one of which was immediately over the reception-hall, and the others



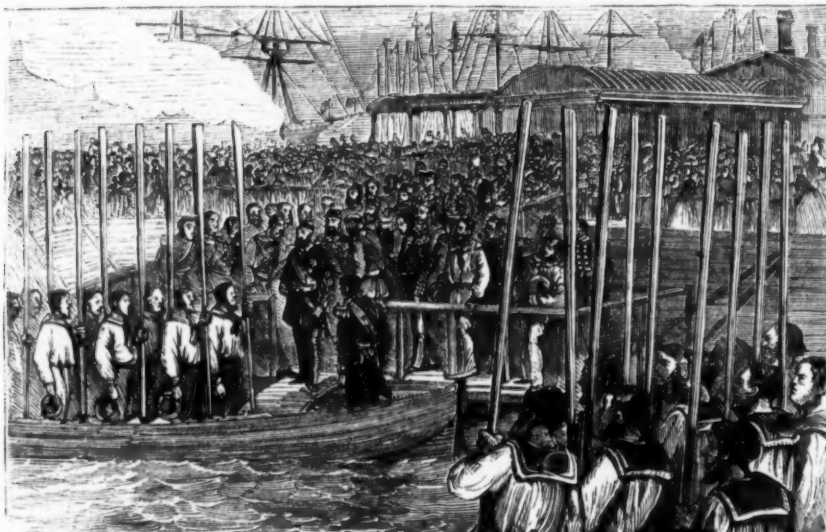
PRESENTATION OF THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION OF LONDON TO HIS MAJESTY THE SULTAN, AT GUILDHALL.

of the city of London, at Guildhall, was a brilliant episode of his stay in London. His Imperial Majesty, arrived soon afterward. They alighted at the portico of a handsome temporary pavilion, or hall of reception,



RECEPTION OF THE BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS BY MISS BURDETT COUTTS, AT HOLLY LODGE, HIGHGATE, LONDON.

the work of Mr. D. Brucciani. The reception-hall above the courts of law. The Guildhall itself was not itself, 54 ft. wide, 90 ft. long, and 22 ft. high, was specially decorated, but a large dais, 50 ft. by 36 ft., was



EMBARKATION OF THE SULTAN AT CLARENCE YARD, PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND, FOR THE NAVAL REVIEW.

with his son and nephews and Fuad Pasha, and the rest of his Court, went from Buckingham Palace to built over the forecourt in front of Guildhall, by the city architect, Mr. Horace Jones. The façade of this



THE ARABS AT THE INTERNATIONAL THEATRE, PARIS EXPOSITION—THE STICK DANCE, BY THE NEGROES OF SOUDAN.

ported by Ionic pillars, and decorated in cream-color white and gold; with mirrors and chandeliers, founded at the east end, around which was hung an arras of crimson velvet, powdered with crescents and



THE BARDU, OR PALACE OF THE BEY OF TUNIS, AT THE GREAT EXPOSITION, PARIS.



CURIOUS TYPES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FILIGREE WORKERS IN THE EGYPTIAN BAZAAR.

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WALTER A. WOOD'S NEW JOINTED BAR MOWER, ON EXHIBITION AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—SEE PAGE 381.

lars to the height of 16 feet. The courts of law, both on the north and south sides, were fitted up as refreshment-rooms. The Council-chamber was the grand banquetting-room, adorned with a splendid array of gold and silver-plate lent by the various city companies. In the centre was a sunlight of cut glass, with prismatic lanterns, made by Messrs. Osler. An Italian garden, with fountains and statues, was laid out in the adjoining courtyard, in the open air.

Presentation of the Address of the Corporation of London to his Majesty the Sultan at Guildhall.

After the ceremonies of reception at Guildhall, the Sultan, having shaken hands with the Prince of Wales and the rest of the royal family, was introduced to Mrs. Gabriel, the Lady Mayoress. The Recorder of London then read to him the address of the Corporation bidding him welcome to the city, commending him as an enlightened sovereign and a friend of religious toleration, and expressing a hope that this visit might confirm the good understanding between Great Britain and the Ottoman Empire. The Sultan delivered a short address in reply, which the Turkish Ambassador, Musurus Pasha, translated into English. It expressed his gratitude for his hearty reception in England, and stated that he had two objects in visiting this and other parts of Europe; one was to see in these centres of civilization what still remained to be done to complete that work begun in Turkey; the other was to show his desire to promote the feeling of brotherhood among nations, which was the foundation of human progress and the glory of the age. A copy of the address was then presented in a gold casket.

Embarkation of the Sultan at Clarence Yard, Portsmouth, for the Naval Review.

During the Sultan's stay in England, the principal attempt made to entertain him was the arrangement of a grand naval review. Our engraving represents the Sultan at the Royal Clarence Yard, in Portsmouth Dockyard, embarking in the barge which conveyed him on board the royal yacht Osborne. He was received on entering the yard by the Right Honorable H. T. Corry, First Lord of the Admiralty, and the other members of the board; Admirals Sir A. Milne, G. H. Seymour, Sir John Hay, and Mr. Ducane, M.P.; with Captain Brandreth, private secretary, and Mr. W. E. Romaine, secretary to the board. All the ships in the dock had mast-head colors hoisted; and a salute was fired by the old Victory, Nelson's ship at Trafalgar, which displayed a Turkish ensign. The Admiralty yacht Enchantress, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ship Ripon (appropriated to the use of the members of the House of Commons), the Sibyl (for the House of Lords), and the Tanjore (for her Majesty's Ministers and the diplomatic body) lay on the other side of the dock. The Osborne was in the centre of the dock, next the Duke of Wellington; the Port Admiral's flag was hoisted *pro tem.* on board the Asia. The Sultan having arrived on board the Osborne, was joined by the persons of his suite from other barges. He received an address from the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth; and a few minutes before noon the Osborne moved out of the dock, followed by the Helicon, with the Viceroy of Egypt, and by the other vessels mentioned.

A Sleeping Chamber in the Bardo, or Palace of the Bey of Tunis at the Great Exposition.

The Bardo, in the grounds surrounding the great

Exposition, is the palace built for the accommodation of the Bey of Tunis, and is thought to be one of the most successful reproductions in the entire collection. Its magnificence recalls that of the descriptions in the "Arabian Nights." Our illustration shows one of the sleeping rooms.

Procession at Nola, in Italy, on the Occasion of the Fete of the Lilies.

The origin of this festival is unknown, but as it occurs upon the 22d of June, which is the day of St. Paulinus, it is supposed that it was instituted in his honor. The town of Nola is near Naples, and on this

day a procession is formed, of towers covered with leaves and flowers, mixed with religious symbols and pictures. Each tower forms a tower of its own, which is carried upon a platform supported upon the shoulders of thirty or forty men. These towers are frequently two and three stories high, with sorts of balconies. Upon those of the first story, boys dressed as angels, scatter flowers and devotional pictures among the crowd. Upon the upper stories, figures dressed as angels are placed, and their wings are worked by strings concealed in the inside, and worked by boys below. The crowd gathered to see the procession is immense, and the entire day is given up to noise and festivity.

Reception of the Belgian Volunteers by Miss Burdett Coutts at Holly Lodge, Highgate, near London.

The liberal hospitality of Miss Burdett Coutts, displayed by the entertainment of more than 2,000 of the Belgian rifle volunteers, during their visit to London, with about 500 other guests, in the pleasant grounds of her suburban villa, Holly Lodge, Highgate, is the subject of one of our illustrations. That excellent lady has a way of doing things on the largest scale, and in the most enterprising spirit, beyond the conception of ordinary patrons or hosts dealing with their own private resources; but her original intention, announced in May, was to provide for the reception, probably, of about 600 foreign visitors, that being the force then estimated of the coming invasion from Antwerp. When she was told, a few weeks since, that the actual number would be 1,000, she was not at all daunted by the prospect; and when she learned that there would be more than twice as many, she instantly rearranged all her plans, and ordered three large marquees, instead of one, to be set up on her lawn for their accommodation, and bravely undertook the commissariat provision for a small army. The result was a glorious success. The whole brigade of Belgians assembled, at one o'clock, at the Cumberland Barracks of the Guards, in Albany street, Regent's Park, under the command of Colonel Grégire, who was on horseback, with the officers of his staff. They marched down Park street, Camden Town, to the Mother Red Cap, and along the Kentish Town road to Highgate Hill, amidst the cheers of a great multitude of spectators who thronged the sides of the road, while many of the houses were decorated with flags and banners. Near the entrance gates of Holly Lodge they passed beneath a triumphal arch, erected over the road by the inhabitants of Highgate. It was half-past three when they marched into the grounds, and the day was spent most agreeably, all the preparations being lavish both in quantity and quality, so that, on their departure, about seven in the evening, it was universally acknowledged that the day had been well spent.

The Arabs at the Great Exposition—The Dance of the Sticks by the Negroes of Soudan.

Among the curiosities of the Exposition are several bands of native Africans, who perform their national dances, to native music. Our illustration represents one of these, a stick dance, as performed by a band of natives from Soudan.

Curious Types at the Paris Exposition—The Filigree Workers in the Egyptian Bazaar.

Our illustration represents the Egyptian workers of filigree at the great Exposition. The delicacy and art of these ornaments make them quite favorites of the



JEFFERSON DAVIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN RECENTLY BY ANDERSON, RICHLAND, VA. SEE PAGE 374.

ladies, who gather in crowds about the stand where they are exposed for sale, examining and purchasing specimens.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WE give our readers a picture of Jefferson Davis, engraved from a recent photograph by Anderson, of Richmond, in order that they may compare it with that we gave of the arch-conspirator some years ago, and thus in some slight measure arrive at an idea of what the practical attempt to realize the theory of secession has cost its leader. Perhaps the worst punishment which could be inflicted upon him is to let him live, bearing through a lifetime the consciousness that his mad ambition and sinful dedication of slavery has caused the slaughter of thousands and the waste of millions of treasure, while the result has only been to hasten the progress of the era of freedom, whose advance he and his associates strove so vainly to retard.

SOLD!

I GAVE a long look at the face he said
Was like a child's face, as we sat to-night
In that far tier—a dainty, rounded head,
Cheeks like a girl's, of mingled pink and white:

A pale blue ribbon tied round her fair neck,
And amorous fringe upon her dress, and placed
Among her hair—its golden tint to deck—
A wreath of pearls; around her slender waist

A gold band lay! Ah! it was fair indeed,
That baby form at which, in hours long gone,
He used to laugh! More strange than those we
read

Are life's romances—surely *this* was one!

Gold jewels glistened in her small pink ears,
On narrow wrist they gleamed, and finger
small,
And soft white arm! my hand was bright—with
tears

I could not check! I mind he loved to call

My eyes his jewels: neither pearl or gold
Were mine to wear!—"He loved me best for
this,

That I was poor!"—Was he not poor who sold
His heart for gems? for hollow wealth his kiss?

Had he but chosen *well*!—but ah! for her—
What thro' of hers shall quicken at his own?
Have those slight taper-fingers strength to stir
One chord of his, or wake one answering tone?

Will he not sigh when autumn hours shall come,
And Passion, tinging down from its hot din,
For more than jewels, for its settled home
Begins to look—when love seeks love, within?

Within her eyes there was a dreamy light
Half pretty, vacant half, and slow to turn:
He praised the quickness of my own, one night,
With kisses that have never ceased to burn!

To-night I noticed, while at his dear side
In silk she lounged, she watched, with anxious
eye,
The pose of her rich dress, spreading wide,
The glisten of her circlet! By-and-by

I saw her wave one sunny curl, then fling
It from her brow; and then her fingers spinned
The bracelet on her wrist—poor fickle thing!—
Or rearranged the rings on her white hand!

But never turned her gaze on him! I saw
Nor look of pride, nor glance of passion gleam
For her young lord! The curtain fell: the door
Wide open: she passed—a child in her child's
dream!

A dream? One little month and they are wed!
Her eyes will scan, with that soft absent stare
Of theirs, the church! Her feet the roses tread
Beneath! The orange gold within her hair!

She'll give her hand where I—how long ago!—
My heart have given! Shall I triumph then,
And, whispering what my heart so well can know,
Speak of a Past which never comes again?

Breathe of a dream from which, with hopeless
eyes,
He too, as I have done, shall live to wake?
Tell him of one pale spirit-face that cries
With tears that flow like rivers for his sake?

Or, coldly looking on, unnoticed, hear,
With bated breath, the reading of the lie
That makes her his, and, holding the hot tear,
Command my pulse, and stifle back the sigh?

I know not, yet! ere then my fit may change,
My heart grow soft to that babe-face, and bless
The touching of the hands which seems so strange,
And kiss the soft hair in its wedding dress!

I will not curse you, child, you are so weak!
I weep for him whose life must grow more
strong

In coming years, when some forgotten song
Brings back, at eve, the tears to his sad cheek!

The Two Brothers.

It was a holiday in the beautiful town of Provence, for the count's young brother was expected every hour with a gallant cavalcade escorting the beautiful bride of Guiscard, the reigning Count of Provence, a man famous for his strict sense of honor, his chivalrous valor, and inflexible love of justice, as well as generosity of character. He was perfectly idolized by his subjects, whom he ruled more like a father than a sovereign. Although a trifle past the grave side of forty, he was still an eminently handsome man; albeit there was a sternness in his countenance which was the result of the habit of command, and not his nature, which was very genial and just.

His brother Henri, twenty years his junior,

was the handsomest and most accomplished young noble of his time; a skillful troubadour, his manners were most polished and gentle.

Between the two brothers the deepest affection existed; the elder regarding him in the light of a son, while Henri loved the other with all the love of a favorite child.

Indeed he might be regarded as such, for being deprived of both parents when he was only three years old, Guiscard succeeded to his inheritance, a gallant warrior of twenty-three, unusually sedate for his age.

The continual wars of that time had so much occupied his attention, that he had remained a bachelor, untouched by the tender passion of love. Some six months before, however, the Count of Pisa had, during a visit to the Count of Provence, so praised his daughter Blanche for her virtues, accomplishments and marvelous beauty, that Guiscard had proposed for her hand, an offer which the old Count of Pisa had readily accepted. It was in accordance with the arrangement then made that Guiscard had dispatched his beloved brother to escort her, considering him the only one worthy so great a trust.

A courier had arrived the day previous with the welcome tidings from his brother that the Lady Blanche was in excellent health, and that they would arrive on the following morning. Henri adding that he had sent the messenger in advance, that the count might give to his bride a reception befitting the future Countess of Provence: for in those days the Counts of Provence wielded sovereign power in their domains, and the state which surrounded them was altogether regal in its magnificence.

Never had the count felt in so gay a mood; creation seemed to rejoice with him; the full bloom of May flushed with beauty the cheek of nature; the birds sang sweeter and more joyously; the meadows wore a brighter green; while the perfume of a thousand flowers filled the air.

He had stationed one of his retainers on the loftiest tower of the castle to announce when the cavalcade came in sight. In the courtyard there were a hundred handsome girls, the daughters of his peasantry, in their holiday attire, waiting to strew the path of the fair bride with flowers. In a word, all that the most thoughtful and tender gallantry could devise had been provided to welcome the Count of Pisa's beautiful daughter, the betrothed wife of the lord of Provence.

Although the count was, as we have said, on the grave side of forty, and exposure in the tented field, with other military hardships, had bronzed his face and tinged his dark brown hair with gray, he was a fine and courtly-looking man—slightly inclined to corpulence, but not so as to make him inelegant; his manners, although somewhat imperious, were courteous and engaging, and in his festive hours he sang a roundelay with taste and effect. His morals were singularly pure for that lax age; and every kind of debauchery, whether in high or low life, met with exemplary punishment at his hands. His love of justice was so proverbial, that many difficult and delicate disputes had been left to his decision, and his award was always implicitly received.

Hitherto the great solace of his life had been in superintending the education of his brother, for whom, as we have already said, he cherished a tender affection, resembling the love of a mother for her favorite son.

So rapt was he in his safety, that he had kept him at home pursuing his studies, not permitting him to accompany him in any of those military expeditions so common in those times. The previous year, however, Henri had so earnestly begged his brother to take him in the French campaign against the Spaniards, that he had been forced to comply with his request, although the thought that any evil might befall him had half unmanned the fearless warrior; and once in battle, when he saw Henri in danger, he set spurs to his horse, and reckless of his own life, dashed into the thick of the fight, just in time to bestride his prostrate brother, and slay the knight who was on the point of running him through.

At this hour, when he was all feverish impatience to behold his bride, it was almost difficult to decide whether he was not more anxious to see his much idolized brother. He was standing on the topmost of the broad steps which led to a terrace overlooking the road by which the expected cavalcade would come, when the striking of the castle bell was heard. This was the signal that his retainer had been instructed to give when it appeared in sight.

Turning to his confessor, Father Anselmo, the count said:

"My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne to-day, good father; and I marvel not that it should, since this morning ushers in the happiest day of my life. In a few minutes I shall welcome to my ancestral halls my long-expected bride, the peerless Blanche of Pisa, and once more embrace my dear Henri."

Even as he spoke these words the cavalcade rode slowly into sight.

"The saints be praised!" cried the count. "Here they are at last. Ah! see how nobly my boy rides! By Our Lady! I could pick him out from a thousand by the way in which he sits his steed!"

As they came nearer he saw his bride riding by his brother's side, while behind on pillions were her two female attendants.

"By the Holy Rood!" said the count, "but the fair Blanche of Pisa sits her palfrey like a queen." And then the count thought of the time when he would escort her around some of the fine old lanes of Provence. Of a sudden he cried out:

"By all the saints, this is indeed a thrice welcome day, for there, if my eyes deceive me not, is my old and trusty friend and companion-in-arms, the right valiant Lord of Pisa!"

Unable to control his impatience to greet his brother and to see his betrothed wife, the count strode hastily in advance of his retinue, and met

the cavalcade on the slope which led to the port-culis.

Upon seeing the count, Henri leaped from his horse, and, regardless of all around them, the two brothers were the next instant in each other's arms.

"The saints bless thee, my son," said the elder brother, as he kissed the cheek of the handsome youth. "Thou hast acquitted thyself right nobly in this matter, and by this one act thou hast repaid me a thousandfold all the tender care I have ever bestowed on thee!"

A close observer might have seen a deep flush spread over the beautiful face of Henri as the count said the last words, but he had no sooner uttered them, than his eyes turned to his bride.

For the first time in his life the count felt the electric thrill of love! Like Aaron's rod, it had swallowed up every passion in his heart. And indeed seldom has man looked upon a sweeter face than that of Blanche.

Her bright golden hair, so rare among the Italians, her soft gray eyes, with a touch of blue in them, her exquisite complexion, her swelling bust, and her rounded figure, which although petite, was not undersized, were irresistible claims to every heart. And then over all there hung that inexpressible halo of purity which raises woman to the saintly sphere.

"Crowned, happy and rewarded at last," sighed the count to himself; "I have waited long, but I have not waited in vain. Hail, Blanche of Provence." Such were the enthusiastic fancies which rushed through the count's brain, when he first beheld his bride!

The greeting between the two old warriors was cordial and heartfelt. The Count of Pisa said that it was only at the last moment he had decided to escort his daughter, as he felt a great desire to see his old companion-in-arms. Thinking, also, it would be an agreeable surprise to him, he had requested his brother not to announce his coming in the dispatch he had forwarded.

Magnificent were the feastings that night—all that the most princely hospitality could furnish was lavished. The Count de Provence did his utmost to recommend himself to his beautiful betrothed. Blanche looked the picture of loveliness. To her intended husband she was all gentleness and courtesy; whenever he addressed her she replied with downcast eyes and tremulous voice, becoming a fair maiden in her first interview with her first husband. The only thing that marred the happiness of the count was the absence of his beloved brother, who had been compelled, by a severe indisposition, to forego the pleasures of the festival, and retire to his own room. Several times during the evening did the count go to his brother's apartment, and tenderly inquire concerning his illness; but the only answer he could extort was, that his pains were very severe, and that he felt unable to rise.

The skillful leech—as the doctors were then called—felt his pulse, and declared that the malady transcended his art to cure. The count's inquietude was extreme.

"By St. Denis!" he cried, "this is a cruel blow to my content. How can I be happy if Henri is not at my side to share it?"

But when, next morning, Henri sent Father Anselmo to his brother to beg permission to go to Paris for a short time to recruit his health, the count was perfectly amazed.

"By the Halidame!" he cried, "I like not this! What! and not help me with the festivities to celebrate my marriage to the Lady Blanche!"

Sending for the leech, the count demanded of him what ailed his brother.

The learned man replied that he could not tell—it was not of the body, but the mind.

Proceeding at once to his brother's apartment, he found him lying on his couch a prey to the deepest anguish.

All that the count could extort from him was a request that he would allow him to seek for health in a change of air.

As the count was on his way to his own apartments he met Guilbert, who had formed one of the Lady Blanche's escort.

There was something about Guilbert's manner which raised the count's curiosity, and bidding him follow him to his study, he asked if Henri had complained of illness on the journey.

The evasive replies of Guilbert roused his master's suspicions that he knew more about his brother's malady than he chose to tell.

Guilbert had been so long a retainer in the Monpensier family that he had observed with sorrowful eyes the woeful havoc which the fair Blanche was making in the heart of his young master. With all the blind devotion of the feudal times he believed in the right of the elder to rule in every respect, and considered it the duty of the younger branches of a great family to act as though they had no wishes and opinions of their own.

He swore his allegiance to the count his warmer feelings were with Henri, whom he had nursed and attended from infancy, and he would often say:

"The saints guard that youth from the snares of love! I marvel much the count was so unwise as send him to convey such a paragon of beauty! Why, even I can scarcely look unmoved upon her!"

And again, as he rode behind the fair Blanche, and her love-stricken escort, he would murmur to himself:

"A thousand pitics—a thousand pitics—that they are not bridegroom and bride! By the cross of St. Denis, the count is old enough to be her father!"

And then again honest Guilbert would cross himself, and thank the saints that he had been hitherto preserved from the perils of love!

It was not difficult for a practiced man of the world like the count to elicit from the simple-minded Guilbert many facts which led him to suspect the real state of the case and the cause of Henri's malady.

But he buried these misgivings in his own

bosom, and when he had dismissed Guilbert, he went to his brother's apartment, to make use of the knowledge he had gained, and ascertain how far his suspicions were well founded.

When he entered Henri's chamber the leech arose, and put his finger significantly to his mouth, commanding silence. Advancing softly to his brother's couch he found him in a deep sleep. Sitting down beside him he beckoned the physician to come nearer, and then said in a low whisper:

"What ails the lad?"
The leech shook his head, as he said:
"It passes my poor skill to find out!"
"Is it of the mind or the body?" inquired the count.

The leech was silent.
"Your answer, sir. I want no concealment! If you cannot find out his ailment in the body, it is foul shame to one I thought so skilled and learned."

The leech was about to say something, when Henri murmured in his sleep:

"Oh! Blanche! would that I had never seen thee! but having seen thee, I cannot but love thee all my life!"

The leech fixed his eyes upon the count, who bit his lips, and clinched his hands as though he would have slain the unconscious dreamer.

Again the sleeper murmured in a low but distinct voice:

"Blanche, since I cannot have thee, I can at all events die. That is my comfort and my refuge!"

The count's hand involuntarily grasped his dagger, but after a moment's struggle with himself he slowly rose, and saying to the leech:

"If you breathe one word of what you have heard, you die!"

The leech looked at him composedly, and said in the same low whisper:

"If I were to tell all I have heard and seen in the sick chambers of the great there would be many woeful hearts in the land."

The count nodded, and left the room. As he was passing along the corridor he met Father Anselmo.

"Come with me, holy father. I have heard that which has thrown sackcloth and ashes over my heart."

With his usual confidence in his confessor the count told him word for word what had occurred.

Father Anselmo had already in his short interview with the love-sick youth fathomed the secret, and he therefore could only counsel moderation and pity for Henri's infatuation.

"Infatuation!" cried the count. "Villainous treason! To think that he, my own brother, the cherished idol of my heart, whom I loved more than myself a thousandfold—that he should play me false!"

Father Anselmo was silent, while the count continued to pace up a down his apartment with rapid and perturbed steps.

But amid this storm of indignation against his brother there came the sweet and pleading voices of that time when he was all in all to him. Memory brought before him once more the little boy weeping at his mother's death; then the youth, and finally the young knight, the very child of his heart; and then again these recollections made the contrast all the more terrible.

There was also another thought stealing amid these conflicting emotions, and that was the conviction that he had himself unwittingly been the author of all this mischance.

"Fool that I was to throw him into the path of such a temptation."

Perceiving the struggle in the count's mind, Father Anselmo glided from the room. The count still continued to pace up and down his room, his mind growing every minute darker and darker.

"I will see this ingrate! I will probe him to the quick! And this is the return he makes me for more than a father's care—for more than a mother's love!—to wound me in the only spot where I was vulnerable. Had he conspired against me and usurped my state, I had forgiven him; but to wound me thus!"

Striking the alarm on his table, an attendant appeared.

"Tell my brother," said he, "that I wish to see him."

Within a few minutes Henri entered the room. "Be seated," said the count, in a cold, stern voice.

The young man bowed, then took his seat in silence.

As the count gazed on his beloved brother, the tenderness of his heart welled up, and he paused to overcome his emotion; but the thought of the wrong which he considered had been inflicted upon him renerved his resolve, and in a serious tone he said:

"Henri, I wish your opinion of a certain event which I have just heard. There were two brothers: the elder loved the younger better than himself—better than anything on earth. Since his parents' death he had supplied a father's care—he had bestowed upon him a mother's tenderness; he had watched over him in sickness, and in battle once, when the younger one was down, he had bestrode him, and made his own breast a shield for the prostrate warrior. But that don't count for much, since once I did the same for you. Well, so dearly did the elder love the younger that he trusted his greatest treasure to his care—he made him guardian of his honor. Well, this trust the younger one betrayed, like an ingrate and a traitor as he was."

As the count proceeded his voice had become more and more vehement, until, as he pronounced the last words, he hastily rose, and said in a voice of thunder:

"I will pursue this wretched parable no further. I am the wronged and injured brother—you the ingrate."

Henri rose, and, looking steadily at the count, said in a calm voice:

"I am no ingrate; and I have betrayed no trust!"

"Betrayed no trust! Monstrous assertion! What call you it to make love to your brother's betrothed wife?"

"Sir! Upon the honor of a knight, I solemnly deny the terrible accusation. No look of love has gone from me; no word of love has gone from me to the Lady Blanche. I would sooner tear the tongue from my mouth, and the eyes from my head, than do anything to wound the honor of the Count of Provence!"

"The Lady Blanche then knows not of your love?" returned the count in a softer tone.

"She does not—cannot; but I never said I loved that lady! How came you, sir, to think I dared to love her?"

The count looked earnestly at his brother, as he said:

"Henri, I never knew you to waver one hair's-breadth from the truth. I now put a question, to which I demand a true reply, without equivocation or any mental reserve. On your honor as a belted knight, do you love the Lady Blanche?"

Henri stood as though an earthquake was in his heart, and remained silent.

"Your answer?"

Henri fell on one knee, and offering his dagger to his brother, said:

"I dare not lie. Alas! it is too true; but I thought the secret would live and die with me. Now kill me, for I do not wish to live."

"Tis as I feared," muttered the count to himself.

"You now see, sir—my honored and loved brother—why I craved your permission to bury in another country my sorrow."

"I consent," said the count, raising his brother. "I felt assured that a brother of mine could never forget his allegiance to his knightly honor. Come to me to-morrow at day-break; you shall depart with a gallant retinue and gold."

Henri took his brother's hand, and kissing it with great affection, again knelt to him, saying:

"Your blessing and forgiveness, brother."

"You have them both," was the elder's reply.

Henri rose, and the next minute the count was alone.

"Tis all my fault," said the count; "fool that was, to expose a youth to such a great ordeal. If I at but a glance love so deeply—I, who am twice her age—why need I marvel that one so young as he is should feel the magic of her charms when for six long days he has been riding by her side?"

The count threw himself into a chair, buried in thought.

"Henri is the soul of truth; he dare not—could not lie! Yet, I will see the Lady Blanche—I will know all!"

So saying he left his apartment, and sent a message craving a few minutes' conference with his intended bride.

On his entrance he was more than ever impressed with her marvelous beauty and grace.

"I marvel not—I marvel not!" said he to himself. "He had been something more or less than mortal had he not loved her."

By a few frank questions the count drew from the Lady Blanche that Henri had never, by word or look, betrayed his love; and when the count nerved himself to put the terrible question whether she did not love Henri, her hesitating manner convinced him that their love was mutual.

Gallantly kissing her hand, he said:

"It is enough, fair Lady Blanche; I thank you for your candor. For the present, adieu!"

At the banquet that evening no man was gayer than the count. He apologized to the Count of Pisa for his brother's absence, and performed the honors of a host with a dignity and courtesy which were innate to him.

All night the count paced up and down his chamber. It was evident a great battle was going on in his breast.

Next morning his brother was announced. He came all ready accoutred for his journey. The count received him with a smiling face, and going up to him, put his arms around him, and tenderly kissed him.

"Henri," said the count, "I ask your pardon for my unworthy suspicions. I ought to have known that my brother could not have acted so unrightly a part. But seat yourself, for I have something to tell you, which will render your journey needless."

Henri looked at the count, and then said:

"Dear brother, I humbly crave your permission to depart? Alas! I dare not, will not stay!"

"You will not stay! why, then, I say you shall. I am your lord; although you are my brother, you are my subject and owe me your allegiance."

"You gave me, sir," replied Henri, "permission yesterday to depart—"

"I did, but I have changed my plans. Now listen, boy, for it concerns you quite as much as me: Henri, I've spoken to the Lady Blanche, and think she is too young a wife for me—or else, perchance, I am too old for her. She has confessed, also, she loves me not, and never can, because she loves another."

"Another!" ejaculated Henri, in a tone of undisguised dismay.

"Yes, boy, another. And would you know his name? 'Tis you!"

Henri breathed again.

"Now," resumed the count, "since you love her and she loves you, I have concluded that, instead of me, you are the one she ought to wed."

Henri seized his brother's hand:

"Oh, sir, your goodness overwhelms me. Indeed, I now feel that I am an ingrate, for never can I repay such obligation."

The count touched his bell, and when the attendant came he requested him to beg the attendance of the Lady Blanche.

It is needless to describe the delight of both Blanche and Henri. The count joined their hands, and then straightway sought the rooms where the Count of Pisa was lodged. In a few words the count informed him of the proposed change, but

the ambitious father positively refused his consent.

"Your younger brother, my lord, is not the Count of Provence, and perhaps never will be. You may change your mind again, and marry, and have heirs; my bargain was that Blanche should marry the count of these fair domains."

"And so," replied his friend, "she shall. I never do these things by halves. I have concluded to retire from the world, and devote my few remaining years to heaven. I shall endow my brother with my title and my lands. Will that content you?"

"If Blanche loves your brother, and your noble brother loves my daughter, when he is Count of Provence, I am content."

So clasping each other's hand, on this understanding the two counts parted.

THE chapel of the monastery of St. Denis was lit up with a thousand tapers, and the old abbot, with his cowed monks, stood, in their sacred robes, as motionless as statues. The organ pealed and the chants resounded along the carved roof of the ancient building. The faint breath of the incense lent a visible sanctity to the scene, and the masses of sound swayed hither and thither, carrying, so to speak, the souls of all present with them. By the side of the abbot, before the altar, stood a monk. It was Guiscard, the renowned warrior of Provence. His countenance was as immovable as death, and his eyes seemed no longer to rest on the things of earth.

Presently a gallant retinue entered the aisle, foremost among which was the Count of Pisa, leading his daughter, the Lady Blanche, in her bridal robes, and glittering with jewels. It was evident that the count was aware of her approach, for drawing his cowl more closely over his face, he closed his eyes, as though to shut out the very sight of such fatal loveliness, and bowed his head almost down to his breast. But no sigh escaped him; the closest scrutinizer of his face would not have discovered any outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual struggle. Cost what it had, that heroic man had gained the victory over himself.

A few moments after the entrance of the bride, another gallant retinue entered the abbey. It was Henri, attired as a bridegroom. While the anthem resounded the two retinues ranged themselves in a semicircle around the altar, while Father Anselmo, advancing to Guiscard, whispered something to him. He slightly started, and without looking to the right or the left, advanced a few paces, then, in a deep, almost sepulchral tone of voice, he said:

"Know ye all men, that I, Guiscard de Monpensier, but now Father Francis, do hereby renounce all worldly pomp and vanities, and the state and title and domain of Count of Provence. And do hereby solemnly endow my dearly beloved brother, Henri de Monpensier, with the same."

The organ sent forth its solemn peal, and the monks chanted "Gloria in Excelsis," then the music and the chant died slowly away.

After a short pause, but without changing his position in the least, Guiscard said, in a voice tremulous with suppressed emotion:

"I, formerly Guiscard de Monpensier, but now Father Francis, do hereby release and renounce, in favor of my brother, Henri, Count of Provence, all right and title to the hand of the Lady Blanche de Montserrat, daughter of the most noble and valiant Robert, Count of Pisa. Stand forth Henri de Monpensier and Blanche of Montserrat!"

When they came forward there was one universal murmur of admiration at their marvelous beauty.

Without raising his eyes to the face of either, Father Francis then placed the hand of Blanche in that of Henri. Then slowly withdrawing to where Father Anselmo stood, a little behind the abbot, he remained with his hands clasped, looking down upon the ground.

The abbot then performed the marriage ceremony. As he was pronouncing the nuptial benediction, a low but suppressed sob was heard, and immediately afterward one of the attendants suddenly exclaimed:

"See, my lord, he faints!"

The next instant Father Francis fell on the stone pavement of the chapel. As they gathered around him, and as Henri knelt by his side, the dying count said, as he took his brother's hand:

"I am very happy—I have done my duty!"

One deep sigh, and the soul of the noble and chivalrous Guiscard de Monpensier was with the saints, whose spiritual presence and the grace of Our Lady had enabled him to perform this great act of self-sacrifice.

DANSE MACABRE.—The earliest edition of a printed and engraved "Danse Macabre" was issued by Guyot Marchand in 1485. The only copy of this curious work known to exist is in the public library of Grenoble. Guyot issued edition after edition, and the designs were copied everywhere—on church walls, margins of prayer-books, handles of knives, etc. Hans Holbein's "Dance of Death" was originally published at Lyons in 1538. The popular copies are all printed from the edition of 1728, which bore this title: "The G and Danse Macabre of Men and Women, modernized from the old French in the politest language of this time. With the debate between the soul and the body, the complaint of the damned soul, the exhortation to live and die well, the life of the evil Anichrist, and the fifteen signs of judgment. Troyes, printed by Jean Antoine Garnier." Immediately under the title are represented four skeletons playing respectively on a bagpipes, an organ, a harp, and a drum, the drummer managing a flute also. On the second page, death in an imposing attitude, bearing a slender coffin on one arm, and raising the other in the act of bespeaking attention, addresses man, and exhorts him to make good use of his time. A ter the repetition of the four figures on the first page, each issuing a feeling exhortation, comes the long train, each personage accompanying a death, holding a discussion with him, and following him willingly or the reverse. These are the characters that fill the designs—a pope, an emperor, a cardinal, a king, a duke, a patriarch, a constable, an archbishop, a knight, a bishop, a squire, an abbot, a city provost, an astrologer, a citizen, a canon, a merchant, a schoolmaster, a man-at-arms, a chartroux, a squire, a monk, a usurer, a physician, a lover, a counselor, a minstrel, a priest, a peasant, a jailer, a pilgrim, a shepherd, a cordelier, a little child, a clerk, a hermit, an adventurer, and a sot.

PINS AND BIRDS.

BY E. L. B.

WHAT becomes of pins?
I should like to know;
And the birds that die—
Where do they go?

For the pins, 'tis true
They belong to witches,
Whose grandmothers died
In Salem ditches.

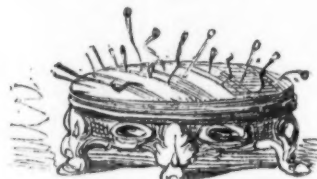


And so they are lent
To young witches here,
Till they vanish from sight
Like a warlock's spear.



Do the gnomes of the mine
Bid the metals back?
And recall the pins
By the pound or pack?

Are the straight ones sorry,
When summoned home?
Are the bent ones glad
That their work is done?



And the birds—do all
To the soft South go—
Conservative wines
Flutter thither? No.

Yet who ever saw,
In the winter wood,
A single dead bird
Of all summer's brood?

Do wee elfin friends
Come softly at night,
And under the moss
Lay them down out of sight?



Still the pins and the birds
Vanish thus altogether,
And leave not so much
As a single pin-feather.

If Agassiz should ever
Stop counting queer fish,
Perhaps he will give us
The knowledge we wish.



A THEATRICAL STORY.—A ludicrous incident occurred on the occasion of Bowen's benefit, at the Haymarket, on the 27th of April, 1710, when the presence of four Indian kings was announced as the leading attraction. The galleries were crowded to suffocation to get a look at the swarthy monarchs. The curtain drew up, but the gods, who had full possession of the upper regions, raised an appalling yell of displeasure. The kings were not visible. "We came to see the kings," shouted the celestials; "we have paid our money to see them, and the kings we will have!" Whereupon Wilks, as stage manager, presented himself, and assured them that the kings, the real stars, were in the front box. "Put them where they can be seen, or there shall be no play," roared the malcontents. Wilks assured them that he had nothing on earth so much at heart as their gratification. Accordingly, he ordered out four chairs, and placed the kings, with great ceremony, on the stage, to the intense delight of John Bull, who was resolved to have what he had invested his shilling for—the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill.

The Cafe de la Regence.

TOWARD the end of the *Ancien Regime*, a serious looking gentleman was observed in attendance for twelve years from seven till eleven in the evening. His occupation consisted in watching the games. He scarcely spoke at all, but was considered a profound authority on every thing connected with chess. So, one night when there were but few in the room he was appealed to in a dispute.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you have selected an incompetent judge; I do not even know the moves."

"Well, why have you been watching the games so earnestly for more than ten years?"

"The answer is easily given. I am terribly tired of my wife; she annoys me continually. It is a complete relaxation here to look on without seeing any thing, and to hear things without understanding them."

During "the Terror" few came to play at the Café de la Regence. People had not the heart, and it was not pleasant to see through the panes, the cars bearing the condemned through the Rue St. Honoré to execution. Robespierre often took a seat, but few had any wish to play with him, such terror did the insignificant-looking little man strike into every one's heart. One day a very handsome young man sat opposite him, and made a move as signal for a game; Robespierre responded, and the stranger won. A second game was played and won, and then Robespierre asked what was the stake.

"The head of a young man," was the answer, "who would be executed to-morrow. Here is the order for his release wanting only your signature; and be quick—the executioner will give no delay."

It was the young Count B. that was thus saved. The paper was signed, and then the great man asked:

"But who are you, Citizen?"

"Say Citizens, Monsieur—I am the Count's betrothed. Thanks and adieu!"

Napoleon I. in the days of his sous-lieutenancy, played chess in the same salon, and very badly too. He always began unskillfully, and had no patience with any delay on the part of his adversary. He would bite his lips, stamp his foot, drum impatiently on the chess-board, and make the pieces dance. It was still worse if he lost. He would dash his hand down on the table, and make everything jump. The waiter who recited these anecdotes to our authority and his friends, said he was surprised when he heard that the sous-lieutenant when he became Emperor, and had very skillful opponents among the courtiers, never lost a single game though he had not improved in the slightest degree.

The most remarkable of the chess-players of the café were La Bourdonnais, Philidor, Deschapelles, St. Amand, Boncourt, Boissy d'Anglas, Barneville. This last play would have been unable to endure the tedium of life without the chess board. He was probably asked some one, as Maupertuis is known to have done, "What could he find to do outside a coffee house?"

THE SCIENCE OF SLANG.—As archaeologists have discovered in the archives of beggary and imposture among the old Romans the same means used for exciting pity and extracting charity resorted to by modern professors, it is very probable that a peculiar dialect was patronized by idlers and cheats for intercommunication in the days of Augustus. The earliest known printed book on the subject is the lives of *Maverola* beggars, and gipsies, containing their mode of life, knaveries, and gergon (jargon, *q. v.*), brought to light by Pechon de Ruhy. To which has been added a dictionary in the *Blequin* language, with explanations in the vulgar. Lyons, 1596. Another treatise was published in the same city on the same plan in 1634. Modern editions date from Epinal and Tours, professing to be for the behoof of mercers, porters and others, and to have received emendations from the most celebrated argotiers (professors of slang) of modern times. By M. B. H. D. S. *Archi-Suppôt* (Doctor) in Argot. The plan of the work embraces the origin of Argotiers, the various titles of dignity, and the classification of the body, a dictionary, the book of the States-General, and the articles accorded to the said States-General. This great assembly met once a year to transact business under the direction of their king, the *Grand Coere*. The dignity was elective, and the first use the king made of his power was to enthrone himself on the back of one of the lately received members, who set himself on hands and feet to support his monarch in dignity. The G and Coere's coat should consist of some hundred pieces of cloth, carefully stitched, and leg or arm or thigh be afflicted with a sore curable any time in a day or two. A plate laid beside the throne received the tribute of all who were present to render an account of their offices during the last year. These were the *capous* (prize minister), the doctor before mentioned, the *Orphelins* (big boys), the *marcandiers* (dealers), the *malingress* (feigners of illness), the *sublimes* (feigners of falling sickness), the *coquillards* (pilgrims), the *capous* (begging-letter writers), the *drilles* (disabled soldiers), etc. It would not be feasible within reasonable limits to enable our readers to understand a conversation held by two forgers in argot, nor would the acquisition be of much value, so we take leave of the subject.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN DRAMA.—In Europe the earlier dramatic performances, after the extinction of the Pagan representations, were the *Mysteries* and *Moralities*. The earliest of these represented with any effect in Paris cannot be traced to an earlier period than the end of the fourteenth century. About 1400, the *Confrérie de la Passion* of N. S., a regularly appointed body of performers, presented the Life of Our Saviour, the entertainment embracing some days, and supported by upward of eighty performers, who sang as well as acted. The appointments must have been better than those known at the time in England. In the *Martyrdom of St. Barbara*, the principal performer was suspended by the heels, and delivered appropriate sentiments in that disagreeable situation. She (he?) was then apparently torn with pincers, and scorched with lamps, and the effect on the audience was rendered more impressive by the representation of the locality of the martyrdom in the centre of the background, with heaven above and hell yawning and belching out flames beneath. These spectacles could boast of ingenious machinery, too. As in our pantomime, a stuffed policeman is flung into the pit; and while the denizens are expecting a descent of the blue-coated apparition on their hats and bonnets, presto he is swept up to the top of the proscenium; so in the year 1487, a horrible dragon, furnished with a burning tail and tongue, and glaring through eyes of tarnished steel, would rush headlong out of hell in the background, and simulating a charge on the audience, dismay the men and throw the women into hysterics. Besides the *Mysteries* and *Moralities*, the predecessors of our farces were known in France before 1500. The original of the "Village Lawyer," *Maitre Patein*, was printed in Paris in 1490 and had great assemblies "in a room" before enjoying the dignity of print. There occurred no change worthy of notice in these entertainments till 1547, when the "Confrérie" was suppressed by the Parliament, on account of the marked discrepancy of their lives with the sacred subjects they represented, and the abuses attending the performances. Next year the actors purchased the Hotel de la Bourgoine, and were permitted to produce pieces on secular subjects, of a decent character, but no more mysteries, on peril of their personal liberty.

A PARTY of travelers sat down in a country tavern to a scanty luncheon. Their hunger was great, the prospect of appeasing it small. The waiter of the company proposed to work a miracle, and taking up a plate of little dried up buns, began to shake them to make them hop about. The landlady observing the performance, asked what was wanted.

"Keep still!" cried the wag, "there is a famine here, and I do this in order that we may have a bun-dance." The miracle was wrought, the landlady hastening to bring on her good things.



1. Sunday Picnic. 2. Unlicensed Traffic. 3. Coming from Hoboken. 4. A Bowery Club. 5. Fifth Avenue Club.

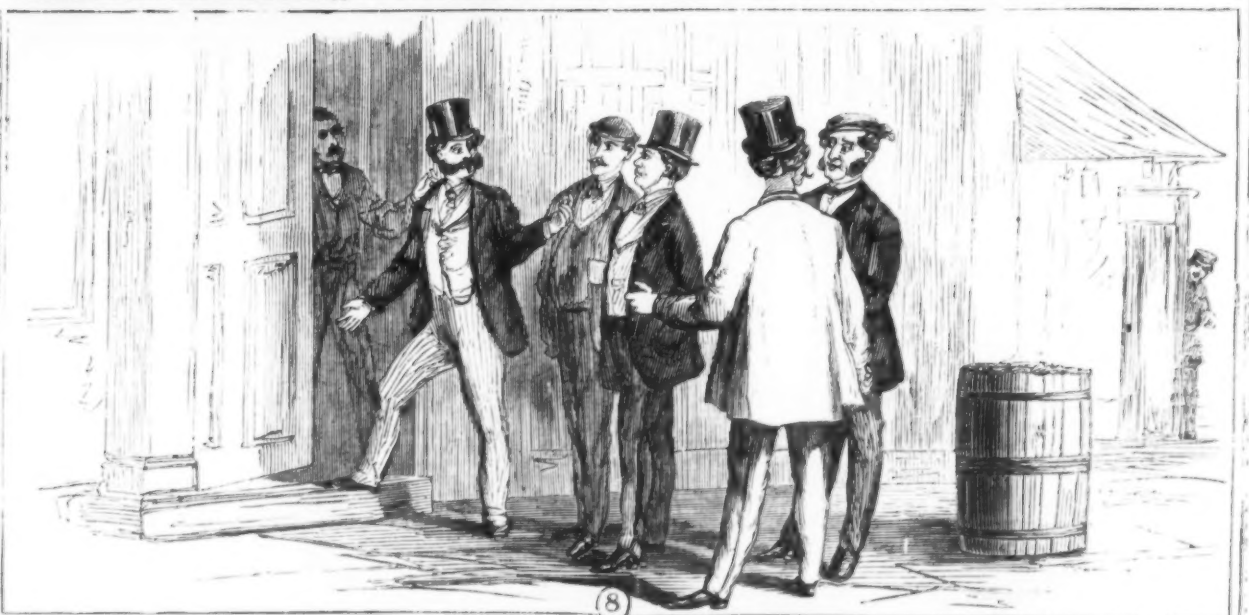
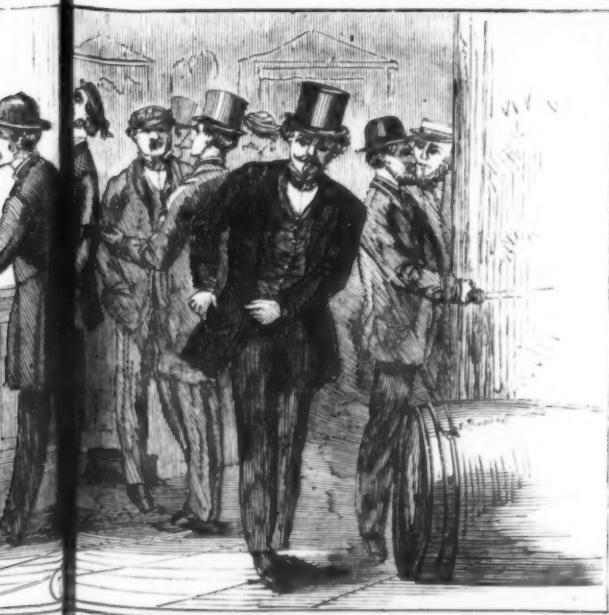
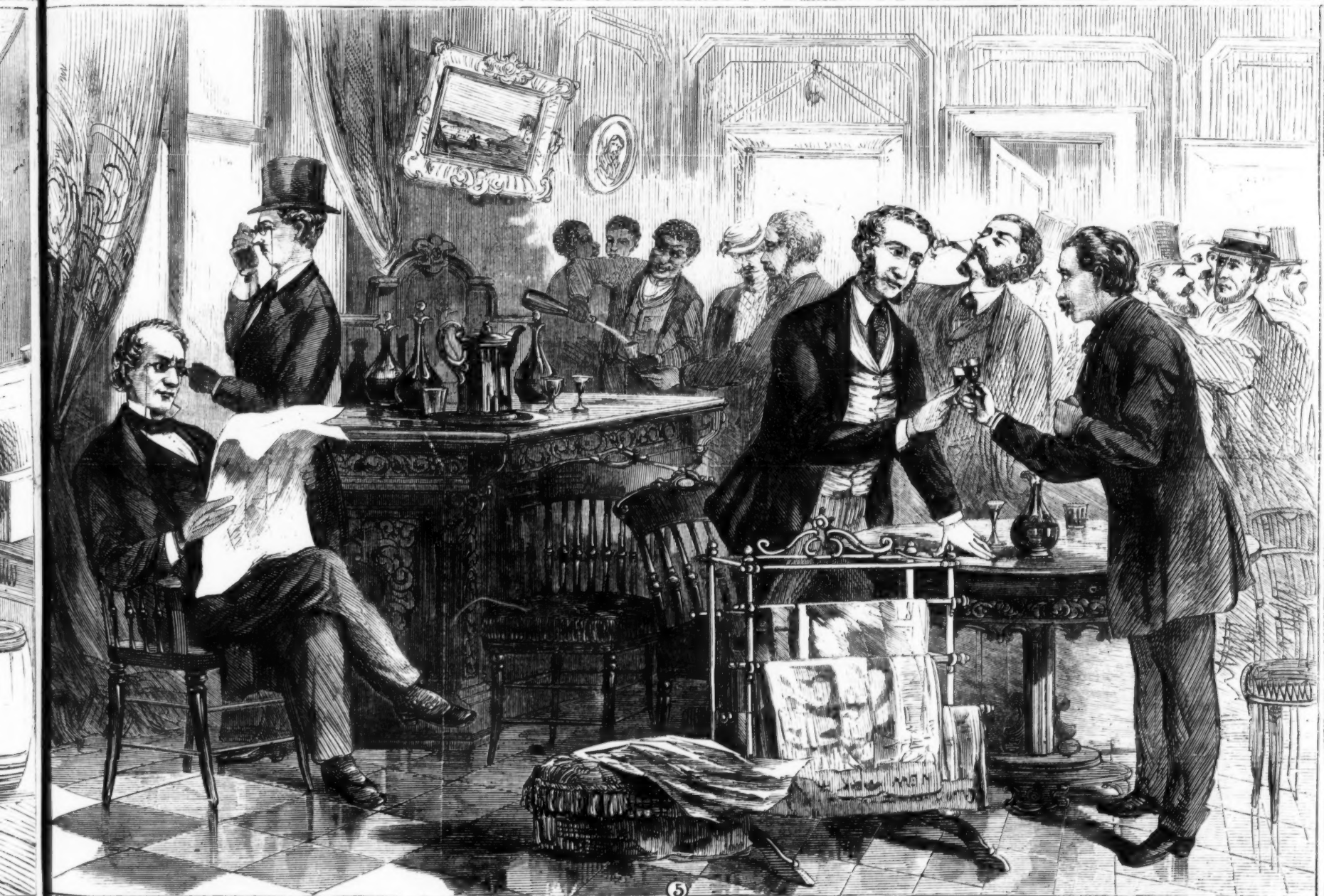


Illustration by Drive. 7. Preparing for Sunday by the purchase of "pocket pistols." 8. A Sunday Morning friendly call.

OBSERVED BY VARIOUS CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY.—SEE PAGE 380.

IN CARCERE!

BREAK, heavy bonds! O cruel walls of stone,
Clash open with a sound to wake the dead!
Rise, gloomy chambers, where I weep alone,
Or fall in mercy on my prisoned head!

O walls of stone! O heavy aching time!
O days that are without a gleam of sun!—
I pine away! I perish in your clime;
Ye will not leave me till my life is done!

I hear, whenever the sad morns begin,
Faint happy sounds of music from my cell;
The early song, the busy working din,
The ringing of the morn and even bell!

These have I known: the days are not so far,
Their memories have not left my brain so long,
But that the door of youth still stands ajar,
Through which I hear those sweeter echoes rung!

I sleep a weary sleep at times: I lie,
My head against the iron of your door;
I wait a rest that's coming by-and-by—
A slumber I shall know on earth no more!

One time I wakened: it was not the dawn,
But when the night stood waiting for the day—
In that still early hour when, all forlorn,
The spirit wanders to its rest, they say;

I had been dreaming of the olden days—
Of happy voices that are hush'd and gone;
I met them all again, the pleasant ways,
The paths of flowers that withered one by one!

Then through this happy sleep a finger rose,
Pointing to where in sorrow passed along
A little crowd—a group in solemn clothes—
A choir who chanted some funeral song!

They bore her on; they lifted off the veil;
Oh, God!—I saw the desolate cold face—
The tearless woman-eyes—the forehead pale—
The lips that, dying, burned for one embrace!

And I—where was my heart? no heated tear
Dimmed the sad lustre of my eyes! I stood,
Hard gazing on her, nor in love nor fear—
How could I hold communion with the good!

Earth fell upon her gentle form; the word
Of death was spoken—"Ashes"—"Dust to
dust"
For this our sister!—ah! the silver chord
Had given, and the golden bowl was rust!

Then the long music of the passing bell—
The anthem singing her white soul to sleep—
I heard it even here! within my cell,
Heard infants crying and heard maidens weep!

I knew it then. O woman I had loved,
You had passed over the Eternal wave!
Ah, then I wept, methought, and sadly moved,
And, kneeling, laid the daisies on your grave!

At length I wakened! to my cell they came;
They hastened, they who would not come before!
They spoke of dying, breathed a tender name;
I heard it—ALICE!—So my dream was o'er!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XL.—MRS. DOBBS BROUGHTON FILES HER
FAGOTS.

THE picture still progressed up in Mrs. Dobbs Broughton's room, and the secret was still kept, or supposed to be kept. Miss Van Siever was, at any rate, certain that her mother had heard nothing of it, and Mrs. Broughton reported from day to day that her husband had not as yet interfered. Nevertheless, there was in these days a great gloom upon the Dobbs Broughton household, so much so that Conway Dalrymple had more than once suggested that the work should be discontinued. But the mistress of the house would not consent to this. In answer to these offers, she was wont to declare, in somewhat mysterious language, that any misery coming upon herself was a matter of moment to nobody, hardly even to herself, as she was quite prepared to encounter moral and social death without delay, if not an absolute physical demise; as to which latter alternative, she seemed to think that even that might not be so far distant as some people chose to believe. What was the cause of the gloom over the house neither Conway Dalrymple nor Miss Van Siever understood, and, to speak the truth, Mrs. Broughton did not quite understand the cause herself. She knew well enough, no doubt, that her husband came home always sullen, and sometimes tipsy, and that things were not going well in the city. She had never understood much about the city, being satisfied with an assurance that had come to her in early days from her friends that there was a mine of wealth in Hook Court, from whence would always come for her use house and furniture, a carriage and horses, dresses and jewels—which latter, if not quite real, should be manufactured of the best sham substitute known. Soon after her brilliant marriage with Mr. Dobbs Broughton, she had discovered that the carriage and horses and the sham jewels did not lift her so completely into a terrestrial paradise as she had taught herself to expect that they would do. Her brilliant drawing-room, with Dobbs Broughton for a companion, was not an elysium.

But though she had found out early in her married life that something was still wanting to her, she had had by no means confessed to herself that the carriage and horses and sham jewels were bad, and it can hardly be said that she had repented. She had endeavored to patch up matters with a little romance, and then had fallen upon Conway Dalrymple, meaning no harm. Indeed, love with her, as it never could have meant much good, was not likely to mean much harm. That somebody should pretend to love her, to which pretense she must reply by a pretense of friendship—this was the little excitement

which she craved, and by which she had once flattered herself that something like an elysium might yet be created for her. Mr. Dobbs Broughton had unreasonably expressed a dislike to this innocent amusement—very unreasonably, knowing, as he ought to have known, that he himself did so very little toward providing the necessary elysium by any qualities of his own. For a few weeks this interference from her husband had enhanced the amusement, giving an additional excitement to the game. She felt herself to be a woman misunderstood and ill-used; and to some women there is nothing so charming as a little mild ill-usage, which does not interfere with their creature comforts, with their clothes, or their carriage, or their sham jewels, and suffices to afford them the indulgence of a grievance.

Of late, however, Mr. Dobbs Broughton had become a little too rough in his language, and things had gone uncomfortably. She suspected that Conway Dalrymple was not the only cause of all this. She had an idea that Mr. Musselboro and Mrs. Van Siever had it in their power to make themselves unpleasant, and that they were exercising this power. Of his business in the city her husband never spoke to her, nor she to him. Her own fortune had been very small, some couple of thousand pounds or so, and she conceived that she had no pretext on which she could, unasked, interrogate him about his money. She had no knowledge that marriage of itself had given her the right to such interference; and had such knowledge been hers she would have had no desire to interfere. She hoped that the carriage and sham jewels would be continued to her; but she did not know how to frame any question on the subject. Touching the other difficulty—the Conway Dalrymple difficulty—she had her ideas. The tenderness of her friendship had been trodden upon and outraged by the rough foot of an overbearing husband, and she was ill-used. She would obey. It was becoming to her as a wife that she should submit. She would give up Conway Dalrymple, and would induce him—in spite of his violent attachment to herself—to take a wife. She herself would choose a wife for him. She herself would, with suicidal hands, destroy the romance of her own life, since an overbearing, brutal husband demanded that it should be destroyed. She would sacrifice her own feelings, and do all in her power to bring Conway Dalrymple and Clara Van Siever together. If, after that, some poet did not immortalize her friendship in Byronic verse, she certainly would not get her due. Perhaps Conway Dalrymple would himself become a poet in order that this might be done properly. For it must be understood that, though she expected Conway Dalrymple to marry, she expected also that he should be Byronically wretched after his marriage on account of his love for herself.

But there was certainly something wrong over and beyond the Dalrymple difficulty. The servants were not as civil as they used to be, and her husband, when she suggested to him a little dinner-party, snubbed her most unmercifully. The giving of dinner-parties had been his glory, and she had made the suggestion simply with the view of pleasing him.

"If the world were going round the wrong way, a woman would still want a party," he said, sneering at her.

"It was of you I was thinking, Dobbs," she replied; "not of myself. I care little for such gatherings."

After that she retired to her own room with a romantic tear in each eye, and told herself that, had chance thrown Conway Dalrymple into her way before she had seen Dobbs Broughton, she would have been the happiest woman in the world. She sat for a while looking into vacancy, and thinking that it would be very nice to break her heart. How should she set about it? Should she take to her bed and grow thin? She would begin by eating no dinner for ever so many days together. At lunch her husband was never present, and therefore the broken heart could be displayed at dinner without much positive suffering. In the meantime she would implore Conway Dalrymple to get himself married with as little delay as possible, and she would lay upon him her positive order to restrain himself from any word of affection addressed to herself. She, at any rate, would be pure, high-minded, and self-sacrificing—although romantic and poetic also, as was her nature.

The picture was progressing, and so also as it had come about, was the love-affair between the artist and his model. Conway Dalrymple had begun to think, after all, that he might do worse than make Clara Van Siever his wife. Clara Van Siever was handsome, and undoubtedly clever, and Clara Van Siever's mother was certainly rich. And, in addition to this, the young lady herself began to like the man into whose society she was thrown. The affair seemed to flourish, and Mrs. Dobbs Broughton should have been delighted. She told Clara, with a very serious air, that she was delighted, bidding Clara, at the same time, to be very cautious, as men were so fickle, and as Conway, though the best fellow in the world, was not, perhaps, altogether free from that common vice of men. Indeed, it might have been surmised, from a word or two which Mrs. Broughton allowed to escape, that she considered poor Conway to be more than ordinarily afflicted in that way. Miss Van Siever at first only pouted, and said there was nothing in it.

"There is something in it, my dear, certainly," said Mrs. Dobbs Broughton; "and there can be no earthly reason why there should not be a great deal in it."

"There is nothing in it," said Miss Van Siever, impetuously; "and if you will continue to speak of Mr. Dalrymple in that way, I must give up the picture."

"As for that," said Mrs. Broughton, "I conceive that we are both of us bound to the young man now, seeing that he has given so much time to the work."

"I am not bound to him at all," said Miss Van Siever.

Mrs. Broughton also told Conway Dalrymple she was delighted—oh, so much delighted! He had obtained permission to come in one morning before the time of sitting, so that he might work at his canvas independently of his model. As was his custom, he made his own way upstairs and commenced his work alone—having been expressly told by Mrs. Broughton that she would not come to him till she brought Clara with her. But she did go up to the room in which the artist was painting, without waiting for Miss Van Siever. Indeed, she was at this time so anxious as to the future welfare of her two young friends that she could not restrain herself from speaking either to one or to the other, whenever any opportunity for such speech came round. To have left Conway Dalrymple at work up-stairs without going to him was impossible to her. So she went, and then took the opportunity of expressing to her friend her ideas as to his past and future conduct.

"Yes, it is very good; very good, indeed," she

said, standing before the easel, and looking at the half-completed work. "I do not know that you ever did anything better."

"I never can tell myself till a picture is finished whether it is going to be good or not," said Dalrymple, thinking really of his picture and of nothing else.

"I am sure this will be good," she said, "and a supposition it is because you have thrown so much heart into it. It is not mere industry that will produce good work, not yet skill, nor even genius; more than this is required. The heart of the artist must be thrust with all its gushing tides into the performance."

By this time he knew all the tones of her voice and their various meanings, and immediately became aware that at the present moment she was intent upon something beyond the picture. She was preparing for a little scene, and was going to give him some advice. He understood it all, but as he was really desirous of working at his canvas, and was rather averse to having a scene at that moment, he made a little attempt to disconcert her.

"It is the heart that gives success," she said, while he was considering how he might best put an extinguisher upon her romance for the occasion.

"Not at all, Mrs. Broughton; success depends on elbow grease."

"On what, Conway?"

"On elbow grease—hard work, that is—and I must work hard now if I mean to take advantage of to-day's sitting. The truth is, I don't give enough hours of work to it."

And he leaned upon his stick, and daubed away briskly at the background, and then stood for a moment looking at his canvas with his head a little on one side, as though he could not withdraw his attention for a moment from the thing he was doing.

"You mean to say, Conway, that you would rather that I should not speak to you?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Broughton, I did not mean that at all."

"I won't interrupt you at your work. What I have to say is perhaps of no great moment. Indeed words between you and me never can have much importance now. Can they, Conway?"

"I don't see that at all," said he, still working away with his brush.

"Do you not? I do. They should never amount to more; they can never amount to more than the common, ordinary courtesies of life; what I call the greetings and good-byings of conversation."

She said this in a low, melancholy tone of voice, not intending to be in any degree jocose.

"How seldom is it that conversation between ordinary friends goes beyond that?"

"Don't you think it does?" said Conway, stepping back and taking another look at his picture.

"I find myself talking to all manner of people, about all manner of things."

"You are different from me. I cannot talk to all manner of people."

"Politics, you know, and art, and a little scandal, and the wars, with a dozen other things, make talking easy enough, I think. I grant you this, that it is very often a great bore. Hardly a day passes that I don't wish to cut out somebody's tongue."

"Do you wish to cut out my tongue, Conway?"

He began to perceive that she was determined to talk about herself, and that there was no remedy. He dreaded it, not because he did not like the woman, but from a conviction that she was going to make some comparison between herself and Clara Van Siever. In his ordinary humor he liked a little pretense at romance, and was rather good at that sort of love-making, which in truth means anything but love. But just now he was really thinking of matrimony, and had on this very morning acknowledged to himself that he had become sufficiently attached to Clara Van Siever to justify him in asking her to be his wife. In his present mood he was not anxious for one of those tilts with blunted swords and half-severed lances in the lists of Cupid of which Mrs. Dobbs Broughton was so fond. Nevertheless, if she insisted that he should now descend into the arena and go through the paraphernalia of a mock tournament, he must obey her. It is the hardship of men that when called upon by women for romance, they are bound to be romantic, whether the opportunity serves them or does not. A man must produce romance, or at least submit to it, when duly summoned, even though he have a sore-throat or a headache. He is a brute if he declines such an encounter, and feels that, should he so decline persistently, he will ever after be treated as a brute. There are many Potiphar's wives who never dream of any mischief, and Josephs who are very anxious to escape, though they are asked to return only whisper for whisper. Mrs. Dobbs Broughton had asked him whether he wished that her tongue should be cut out, and he had of course replied that her words had always been a joy to him—never a trouble. It occurred to him as he made his little speech, that it would only have served her right if he had answered her quite in another strain; but she was a woman, and was young and pretty, and was entitled to flattery.

"They have always been a joy to me," he said, repeating his last words, as he strove to continue his work.

"A deadly joy," she replied, not quite knowing what she herself meant. "A deadly joy, Conway, I wish with all my heart that we had never known each other."

"I do not. I will never wish away the happiness of my life, even should it be followed by misery."

"You are a man, and, if trouble comes upon you, you can bear it on your own shoulders. A woman suffers more, just because another's shoulders may have to bear the burden."

"When she has got a husband, you mean?"

"Yes; when she has a husband."

"It's the same with a man when he has a wife."

Hitherto the conversation had had so much of milk-and-water in its composition, that Dalrymple found himself able to keep it up and go on with his background at the same time. If she could only be kept in the same dim cloud of sentiment, if the hot rays of the sun of romance could be kept from breaking through the mist till Miss Van Siever should come, it might still be well. He had known her to wander about within the clouds for an hour together, without being able to find her way into the light.

"It's all the same with a man when he has got a wife," he said. "Of course one has to suffer for two, when one, so to say, is two."

"And what happens when one has to suffer for three?" she asked.

"You mean when a woman has children?"

"I mean nothing of the kind, Conway; and you must know that I do not, unless your feelings are indeed blunted. But worldly success has, I suppose, blunted them."

"I rather fancy not," he said. "I think they are pretty nearly as sharp as ever."

"I know mine are. Oh, how I wish I could rid myself of them! But it cannot be done. Age will not blunt them, I am sure of that," said Mrs. Broughton. "I wish it would."

He had determined not to talk about herself if the subject could be in any way avoided, but now he felt that he was driven up into a corner—now he was forced to speak to her of her own personality.

"You have no experience yet as to that. How can you say what age will do?"

"Age does not go by years," said Mrs. Dobbs Broughton. "We all know that. 'His hair was gray, but not with years.' Look here, Conway," and she moved back her tresses from off her temples to show him that there were gray hairs behind. He did not see them; and had they been very visible she might not perhaps have been so ready to exhibit them. "No one can say that length of years has blighted them. I have no secrets from you about my age. One should not be gray before one has reached thirty."

"I did not see a changed hair."

"'Twas the fault of your eyes, then, for there are plenty of them. And what is it has made them gray?"

"They say that hot rooms will do it."

"Hot rooms! No, Conway, it does not come from heated atmosphere; it comes from a cold heart—a chilled heart, a frozen heart, a heart that is all ice." She was getting out of the cloud into the heat now, and he could only hope that Miss Van Siever would come soon. "The world is beginning with you, Conway, and yet you are as old as I am. It is ending with me, and yet I am as young as you are. But I do not know why I talk of all this. It is simply folly—utter folly. I had not meant to speak of myself; but I did wish to say a few words to you of your own future. I suppose I may still speak to you as a friend?"

"I hope you will always do that."

"Nay—I will make no such promise. That I will always have a friend's feeling for you, a friend's interest in your welfare, a friend's triumph in your success—that I will promise. But friendly words, Conway, are sometimes misunderstood."

"Never by me," said he.

"No, not by you—certainly not by you. I did not mean that. I did not expect that you should misinterpret them." Then she laughed hysterically—a little, low, gurgling, hysterical laugh; and after that she wiped her eyes, and then she smiled, and then she put her hand very gently upon his shoulder. "Thank God, Conway, we are quite safe here, are we not?"

He had made a blunder, and it was necessary that he should correct it. His watch was lying in the trough of his easel, and he looked at and wondered why Miss Van Siever was not there. He had tripped, and he must make a little struggle and recover his step.

"As I said before, it shall never be misunderstood by me. I have never been vain enough to suppose for a moment that there was any other feeling—not for a moment. You women can be so careful, while we men are always off our guard! A man loves because he cannot help it; but a woman has been careful, and answers him—with friendship. Perhaps I am wrong to say that I never thought of winning anything more; but I never think of winning more now."

Why the mischief didn't Miss Siever come? In another five minutes, despite himself, he would be on his knees, making a mock declaration, and she would be pouring forth the vial of her mock wrath, or giving him mock counsel as to the restraint of his passion. He had gone through it all before, and was tired of it; but for his life he did not know how to help himself.

"Conway," said she, gravely, "how dare you address me in such language?"

"Of course it is very wrong! I know that."

"I'm not speaking of myself, now. I have learned to think so little of myself, as even to be indifferent of the feeling of the injury you are doing me. My life is a blank, and I almost think that nothing can hurt me further. I have not heart left enough to break; no, not enough to be broken. It is not of myself that I am thinking, when I ask you how you dare to address me in such language. Do you not know that it is an injury to another?"

"To what other?" asked Conway Dalrymple, whose mind was becoming rather confused, and who was not quite sure whether the other one was Mr. Dobbs Broughton, or somebody else.

"To that poor girl who is coming here now, who is devoted to you, and to whom, I do not doubt, you have uttered words which ought to have made it impossible for you to speak to me as you spoke not a moment since."

Things were becoming very grave and difficult. They would have been very grave, indeed, had not some god saved him by sending Miss Van Siever to his rescue at this moment. He was beginning to think what he would say in answer to the accusation now made, when his eager ear caught the sound of her step upon the stairs; and before the pause in the conversation which the circumstances admitted had given place to the necessity for further speech, Miss Van Siever had knocked at the door and had entered the room. He was rejoiced, and I think that Mrs. Broughton did not regret the interference. It is always well that these little dangerous scenes should be brought to sudden ends. The last details of such romances, if drawn out to their natural conclusions, are apt to be uncomfortable, if not dull. She did not want him to go down on his knees, knowing that the getting up again is always awkward.

"Clara, I began to think you were never coming," said Mrs. Broughton, with her sweetest smile.

"I began to think so myself also," said Clara. "And I believe this must be the last sitting, or, at any rate, the last but one."

"Is there anything the matter at home?" said Mrs. Broughton, clasping her hands together.

"Nothing very much; mamma asked me a question or two this morning, and I said I was coming here. Had she asked me why, I should have told her."

"But what did she ask? What did she say?"

"She does not always make herself very intelligible. She complains without telling you what she complains of. But she muttered something about artists which was not complimentary, and I suppose, therefore, that she has a suspicion. She staid ever so late this morning, and we left the house together. She will ask some direct question to-night, or before long, and then there will be an end of it."

"Let us make the best of our time then," said Dalrymple and the sitting was arranged; Miss Van Siever went down on her knees with her hammer in hand, and the work began. Mrs. Broughton had twisted a turban round Clara's head, as she always did on such occasions, and assisted to arrange the drapery. She used to tell herself as she did so, that she was like Isaac, piling the fagots for her own sacrifice. Only Isaac had piled them in ignorance, and she piled them conscious of the sacrificial flames. And

Isaac had been saved; whereas it was impossible that the catching of any ram in any thicket could save her. But, nevertheless, she arranged the drapery with all her skill, piling the fagots ever so high for her own pyre. In the meantime Conway Dalrymple painted away, thinking more of his picture than he did of one woman or of the other.

After a while, when Mrs. Broughton had piled the fagots as high as she could pile them, she got up from her seat and prepared to leave the room. Much of the piling consisted, of course, in her own absence during a portion of these sittings.

"Conway," she said, as she went, "if this is to be the last sitting, or the last but one, you should make the most of it."

Then she threw upon him a very peculiar glance over the head of the kneeling Jael, and withdrew. Jael, who in those moments would be thinking more of the fatigue of her position than of anything else, did not at all take home to herself the peculiar meaning of her friend's words. Conway Dalrymple understood them thoroughly, and thought that he might as well take the advice given to him. He had made up his mind to propose to Miss Van Siever, and why should he not do so now. He went on with his brush for a couple of minutes without saying a word, working as well as he could work, and then resolved that he would at once begin the other task.

"Miss Van Siever," he said, "I'm afraid you are tired?"

"Not more than usually tired. It is fatiguing to be slaying Sisera by the hour together. I do get to hate this block."

The block was the dummy by which the form of Sisera was supposed to be typified.

"Another sitting will about finish it," said he, "so that you need not positively distress yourself now. Will you rest yourself for a minute or two?"

He had already perceived that the attitude in which Clara was posed before him was not one in which an offer of marriage could be received and replied to with advantage.

"Thank you, I am not tired yet," said Clara, not changing the fixed glance of national wrath with which she regarded her wooden Sisera as she held her hammer on high.

"But I am. There; we will rest for a moment."

Dalrymple was aware that Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, though she was very assiduous in piling her fagots, never piled them for long together. If he did not make haste she would be back upon them before he could get his word spoken. When he put down his brush, and got up from his chair, and stretched out his arm as a man does when he ceases for a moment from his work, Clara of course got up also, and seated herself. She was used to her turban and her drapery, and therefore thought not of it at all; and he also was used to it, seeing her in it two or three times a week; but now that he intended to accomplish a special purpose, the turban and the drapery seemed to be in the way.

"I do so hope you will like the picture," he said, as he was thinking of this.

"I don't think I shall. But you will understand that it is natural that a girl should not like herself in such a portraiture as that."

"I don't know why. I can understand that you specially should not like the picture; but I think that most women in London in your place would at any rate say that they did."

"Are you angry with me?"

"What; for telling the truth? No, indeed."

He was standing opposite to his easel, looking at the canvas, shifting his head so as to change the lights, and observing critically this blemish and that; and yet he was all the while thinking how he had best carry out his purpose.

"It will have been a prosperous picture to me," he said at last, "if it leads to the success of which I am ambitious."

"I am told that all you do is successful now—merely because you do it. That is the worst of success."

"What is the worst of success?"

"That when won by merit it leads to further success, for the gaining of which no merit is necessary."

"I hope it may be so in my case. If it is not I shall have a very poor chance. Clara, I think you must know that I am not talking about my pictures."

"I thought you were."

"Indeed I am not. As for success in my profession, far as I am from thinking I merit it, I feel tolerably certain that I shall obtain it."

"You have obtained it."

"I am in the way to do so. Perhaps one out of ten struggling artists is successful, and for him the profession is very charming. It is certainly a sad feeling that there is so much of chance in the distribution of the prizes. It is a lottery. But one cannot complain of that when one has drawn the prize."

Dalrymple was not a man without self-possession, nor was he readily abashed, but he found it easier to talk of his possession than to make his offer. The turban was the difficulty. He had told himself over and over again within the last five minutes, that he would have long since said what he had to say had it not been for the turban. He had been painting all his life from living models—from women dressed up in this or that costume, to suit the necessities of his picture—but he had never made love to any of them. They had been simply models to him, and now he found that there was a difficulty.

"Of that prize," he said, "I have made myself tolerably sure; but as to the other prize, I do not know. I wonder whether I am to have that."

Of course Miss Van Siever understood well what was the prize of which he was speaking; and as she was a young woman with a will and purpose of her own, no doubt she was already prepared with an answer. But it was necessary that the question should be put to her in properly distinct terms. Conway Dalrymple certainly had not put his question in properly distinct terms at present. She did not choose to make any answer to his last words; and therefore simply suggested that as time was passing he had better go on with his work. "I am quite ready now," said she.

"Stop half a moment. How much more you are thinking of the picture than I am! I do not care twopenny for the picture. I will slit the canvas from top to bottom without a groan—without a single inner groan—if you will let me."

"For heaven's sake do nothing of the kind! Why should you?"

"Just to show you that it is not for the sake of the picture that I come here. Clara—"

Then the door was opened, and Isaac appeared, very weary, having been piling fagots with assiduity, till human nature could pile no more. Conway Dalrymple, who had made his way almost up to Clara's seat, turned round sharply toward his easel, in anger at having been disturbed. He should have been more grateful for all that his Isaac had done for him, and have recognized the fact that the fault had been with himself. Mrs. Broughton had been twelve minutes out of the

room. She had counted them to be fifteen—having no doubt made a mistake as to three—and had told herself that with such a one as Conway Dalrymple, with so much of the work ready done to his hand for him, fifteen minutes should have been amply sufficient.

When we reflect what her own thoughts must have been during the interval—what it is to have to pile up such fagots as those, how she was, as it were, giving away a fresh morsel of her own heart during each minute that she allowed Clara and Conway Dalrymple to remain together, it cannot surprise us that her eyes should have become dizzy, and that she should not have counted the minutes with accurate correctness. Dalrymple turned to his picture angrily, but Miss Van Siever kept her seat and did not show the slightest emotion.

"My friends," said Mrs. Broughton, "this will not do. This is not working; this is not sitting."

"Mr. Dalrymple has been explaining to me the precarious nature of an artist's profession," said Clara.

"It is not precarious with him," said Mr. Dobbs Broughton, sententiously.

"Not in a general way, perhaps; but to prove the truth of his words, he was going to treat Jael worse than Jael treats Sisera."

"I was going to slit the picture from the top to the bottom."

"And why?" said Mrs. Broughton, putting up her hands to heaven in tragic horror.

"Just to show Miss Van Siever how little I care about it."

"And how little you care about her, too," said Mrs. Broughton.

"She might take that as she liked."

After this there was another genuine sitting, and the real work went on as though there had been no episode. Jael fixed her face, and held her hammer, as though her mind and heart were solely bent on seeming to be slaying Sisera. Dalrymple turned his eyes from the canvas to the model, and from the model to the canvas, working with his hand all the while, as though that last pathetic "Clara" had never been uttered; and Mrs. Dobbs Broughton reclined on a sofa, looking at them, and thinking of her own singularly romantic position, till her mind was filled with a poetic frenzy. In one moment she resolved that she would hate Clara as woman was never hated by woman; and then there were daggers and poison-cups and strangling cords in her eye. In the next she was as firmly determined that she would love Mrs. Conway Dalrymple as woman never was loved by woman; and then she saw herself kneeling by a cradle, and tenderly nursing a baby, of which Conway was to be the father and Clara the mother. And so she went to sleep.

For some time Dalrymple did not observe this; but at last there was a little sound—even the ill-nature of Miss Demolines could hardly have called it a snore—and he became aware that for all practical purposes he and Miss Van Siever were again alone together.

"Clara," he said, in a whisper.

Mrs. Broughton instantly roused herself from her slumbers, and rubbed her eyes.

"Dear, dear, dear!" she said; "I declare it's past one. I'm afraid I must turn you both out. One more sitting, I suppose, will finish it, Conway?"

"Yes, one more," said he.

It was always understood that he and Clara should not leave the house together, and therefore he remained painting when she left the room.

"And now, Conway," said Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, "I suppose that all is over?"

"I don't know what you mean by all being over."

"No, of course not. You look at it in another light, no doubt. Everything is beginning for you. But you must pardon me, for my heart is distracted—distracted—distracted!"

Then she sat down upon the floor and burst into tears. What was she to do? He thought that the woman should either give him up altogether or not give him up. All this time about it was irrational! He would not have made love to Clara Van Siever in her room if she had not told him to do so!

"Maria," he said, in a very grave voice, "any sacrifice that is required on my part on your behalf I am ready to make."

"No, sir; the sacrifices shall all be made by me. It is the part of a woman to be ever sacrificial!" Poor Mrs. Dobbs Broughton! "You shall give up nothing. The world is at your feet, and you shall have everything—youth, beauty, wealth, station, love—love; and friendship also, if you will accept it from one so poor, so broken, so secluded as I shall be."

At each of the last words there had been a desperate sob; and as she was still crouching in the middle of the room, looking up into Dalrymple's face while he stood over her, the scene was one which had much in it that transcended the doings of everyday life, much that would be ever memorable, and much, I have no doubt, that was thoroughly enjoyed by the principal actor. As for Conway Dalrymple, he was so second-rate a personage in the whole thing, that it mattered little whether he enjoyed or not. I don't think he did enjoy it.

"And now, Conway, she said, "I will give you some advice; and when, in after days, you shall remember this interview, and reflect how that advice was given you—with what solemnity," here she clasped both her hands together, "I think that you will follow it. Clara Van Siever will now become your wife."

"I do not know that at all," said Dalrymple.

"Clara Van Siever will now become your wife," repeated Mrs. Broughton, in a louder voice, impatient of opposition. "Love her—cleave to her. Make her flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone. But rule her! Yes, rule her! Let her be your second self, but not your first self. Rule her. Love her. Cleave to her. Do not leave her alone to feed on her own thoughts, as I have done—as I have been forced to do. Now go. No, Conway, not a word; I will not hear a word. You must go, or I must."

Then she rose quietly from her lowly attitude, and prepared herself for a dart at the door. It was better by far that he should go, and so he went.

An American when he has spent a pleasant day will tell you that he has had "a good time." I think that Mrs. Dobbs Broughton, if she had ever spoken the truth of that day's employment, would have acknowledged that she had had "a good time. I think that she enjoyed her morning's work. But as for Conway Dalrymple, I doubt whether he did enjoy his morning's work. A man may have too much of this sort of thing, and then he becomes very sick of his cake." Such was the nature of his thoughts as he returned to his own abode.

CHAPTER LII.—WHY DON'T YOU HAVE AN "IT" FOR YOURSELF?

Of course it came to pass that Lily Dale and Emily Dunstable were soon very intimate, and

that they saw each other every day. Indeed, before long they would have been living together in the same house had it not been that the squire had felt reluctant to abandon the independence of his own lodgings. When Mrs. Thorne had pressed her invitation for the second, and then for the third time, asking them both to come to her large house, he had begged his niece to go and leave him alone.

"You need not regard me," he had said, speaking not with the whining voice of complaint, but with that thin tinge of melancholy which was usual to him. "I am so much alone down at Allington, that you need not mind leaving me."

But Lily would not go on those terms, and therefore they still lived together in the lodgings. Nevertheless Lily was every day at Mrs. Thorne's house, and thus a great intimacy grew up between the girls. Emily Dunstable had neither brother nor sister, and Lily's nearest male relative in her own degree was now Miss Dunstable's betrothed husband. It was natural therefore that they should at any rate try to like each other. It afterward came to pass that Lily did go to Mrs. Thorne's house, and she staid there for awhile; but when that occurred the squire had gone back to Allington.

Among other generous kindnesses Mrs. Thorne insisted that Bernard should hire a horse for his cousin Lily. Emily Dunstable rode daily, and of course Captain Dale rode with her; and now Lily joined the party. Almost before she knew what was being done she found herself provided with hat and habit and horse and whip. It was a way with Mrs. Thorne that they who came within the influence of her immediate sphere should be made to feel that the comforts and luxuries arising from her wealth belonged to a common stock, and were the joint property of them all. Things were not offered and taken and talked about, but they made their appearance, and were used as a matter of course. If you go to stay at a gentleman's house you understand that, as a matter of course, you will be provided with meat and drink. Some hosts furnish you also with cigars. A small number give you stabling and forage for your horse; and a very select few mount you on hunting days, and send you out with a groom and a second horse. Mrs. Thorne went beyond all others in this open-handed hospitality. She had enormous wealth at her command, and had but few of those all-absorbing drains upon wealth which in this country make so many rich people poor. She had no family property—no place to keep up in which she did not live. She had no retainers to be maintained because they were retainers. She had neither sons nor daughters. Consequently she was able to be lavish in her generosity; and as her heart was very lavish, she would have given her friends gold to eat had gold been good for eating. Indeed there was no measure in her giving—unless when the idea came upon her that the recipient of her favors was trading on them. Then she could hold her hand very stoutly.

Lily Dale had not liked the idea of being fitted out thus expensively. A box at the opera was all very well, as it was not procured especially for her. And tickets for other theatres did not seem to come unreasonably for a night or two. But her spirit had militated against the hat and the habit and the horse. The whip was a little present from Emily Dunstable, and that of course was accepted with a good grace. Then there came the horse, as though from the heavens; there seemed to be ten horses, twenty horses, if anybody needed them. All these things seemed to flow naturally into Mrs. Thorne's establishment, like air through the windows. It was very pleasant, but Lily hesitated when she was told that a habit was to be given to her.

"My dear old aunt insists," said Emily Dunstable. "Nobody ever thinks of refusing anything from her. If you only knew what some people will take, and some people will even ask, who have nothing to do with her at all!"

"But I have nothing to do with her—in that way I mean," said Lily.

"Oh, yes, you have," said Emily. "You and Bernard are as good as brother and sister, and Bernard and I are as good as man and wife, and my aunt and I are as good as mother and daughter. So you see, in a sort of a way you are a child of the house."

So Lily accepted the habit; but made a stand at the hat, and paid for that out of her own pocket. When the squire had seen Lily on horseback he asked her questions about it.

"It was a hired horse, I suppose?" he said.

"I think it came direct from heaven," said Lily.

"What do you mean, Lily?" said the squire, angrily.

"I mean that when people are so rich and good-natured as Mrs. Thorne, it's no good inquiring where things come from. All that I know is that the horses came out of Potts's livery-stable. They talk of Potts as if he were a good-natured man, who provides horses for the world without troubling anybody."

Then the squire spoke to Bernard about it, saying that he should insist on defraying his niece's expenses. But Bernard swore that he could give his uncle no assistance.

"I would not speak to her about such a thing for all the world," said Bernard.

"Then I shall," said the squire.

In those days Lily thought much of Johnny Eames—gave to him perhaps more of that thought which leads to love than she had ever given him before. She still heard the Crawley question discussed every day. Mrs. Thorne, as we all know, was at this time a Barsetshire personage, and was of course interested in Barsetshire subjects; and she was specially anxious in the matter, having strong hopes with reference to the marriage of Major Granby and Grace, and strong hopes also that Grace's father might escape from the fangs of justice. The Crawley case was constantly in Lily's ears, and as constantly she heard high praise awarded to Johnny for his kindness in going after the Arabians.

"He must be a fine young fellow," said Mrs. Thorne, "and we'll have him down at Chaldicote some day. Old Lord de Guest found him out and made a friend of him, and old Lord de Guest was no fool."

Lily was not altogether free from a suspicion that Mrs. Thorne knew the story of Johnny's love and was trying to serve Johnny, as other people had tried to do, very ineffectually. When this suspicion came upon her, she would shut her heart against her lover's praises, and swear that she would stand by those two letters which she had written in her book at home. But the suspicion would not be always there, and there did come upon her a conviction that her lover was more esteemed among men and women than she had been accustomed to believe. Her cousin, Bernard Dale, who certainly was regarded in the world as "somebody," spoke of him as his equal; whereas, in former days, Bernard had always regarded Johnny Eames as standing low in the world's regard. Then Lily, when alone, would remember a certain comparison which she once made

between Adolphus Crosbie and John Eames, when neither of the men had as yet pleaded his cause to her, and which had been very much in favor of the former. She had then declared that Johnny was a "mere clerk." She had a higher opinion of him now—a much higher opinion, even though he could never be more to her than a friend.

In these days Lily's new ally, Emily Dunstable, seemed to Lily to be so happy. There was in Emily a complete realization of that idea of antenatal blessedness of which Lily had often thought so much. Whatever Emily did she did for Bernard; and to give Captain Dale his due, he received all the sweets which were showered upon him with becoming signs of gratitude. I suppose it is always the case at such times that the girl has the best of it, and on this occasion Emily Dunstable certainly made the most of her happiness.

"I do envy you," Lily said one day.

The acknowledgment seemed to have been extorted from her involuntarily. She did not laugh as she spoke, or follow up what she had said with other words intended to take away the joke of what she had uttered, had it been a joke; but she sat silent, looking at the girl, who was rearranging flowers which Bernard had brought to her.

"I can't give him up to you, you know," said Emily.

"I don't envy you him, but 'it,'" said Lily.

"Then go and get an 'it' for yourself. Why don't you have an 'it' for yourself? You can have an 'it' to-morrow, if you like—or two or three, if all that I hear is true."

"No, I can't," said Lily. "Things have gone wrong with me. Don't ask me anything more about it. Pray don't. I shan't speak of it if you do."

"Of course I will not if you tell me I must not."

"I do tell you so. I have been a fool to say anything about it. However, I have got over my envy now, and am ready to go out with your aunt. Here she is."

"Things have gone wrong with me."

She repeated the same words to herself over and over again. With all the efforts which she had made, she could not quite reconcile herself to the two letters which she had written in the book. This coming up to London, and riding in the Park, and going to the theatres, seemed to unsettle her. At home she had schooled herself down into quiescence, and made herself think that she believed that she was satisfied with the prospects of her life. But now she was all astray again, doubting about herself, hankering after something over and beyond that which seemed to be allotted to her, but, nevertheless, assuring herself that she never would accept of anything else.

I must not, if I can help it, let the reader suppose that she was softening her heart to John Eames because John Eames was spoken well of in the world. But with all of us, in the opinion which we form of those around us, we take unconsciously the opinion of others. A woman is handsome, because the world says so. Music is charming to us because it charms others. We drink our wines with other men's palates, and look at our pictures with other men's eyes. When Lily heard John Eames praised by all around her, it could not be but that she should praise him, too—not out loud, as others did, but in the silence of her heart. And then his constancy to her had been so perfect! If that other one had never come! If it could be that she might begin again, and she might be spared that episode in her life which had brought him and her together!

"When is Mr. Eames going to be back?" Mrs. Thorne said at dinner one day.

On this occasion the squire was dining at Mrs. Thorne's house; and there were three or four others there—among them a Mr. Harold Smith, who was in Parliament and his wife, and John Eames's especial friend, Sir Raffle Buffle. The question was addressed to the squire, but the squire was slow to answer, and it was taken up by Sir Raffle Buffle.

"He'll be back on the 15th," said the knight, "unless he means to play truant. I hope he won't do that, as his absence has been a terrible inconvenience to me."

Then Sir Raffle explained that John Eames was his private secretary, and that Johnny's journey to the continent had been made with, and could not have been made without his sanction.

"When I came to hear the story, of course I told him that he must go. 'Eames,' I said, 'take the advice of a man who knows the world. Circumstances as you are, you are bound to go.' And he went."

"Upon my word that was very good-natured of you," said Mrs. Thorne.

"I never keep a fellow to my desk who has really got important business elsewhere," said Sir Raffle. "The country, I say, can afford to do as much as that for her servants. But then I like to know that the business is business. One doesn't choose to be humbugged."

"I daresay you are humbugged, as you call it, very often," said Harold Smith.

"Perhaps so; perhaps I am; perhaps that is the opinion which they have of me at the Treasury. But you were hardly long enough there, Smith, to have learned much about it, I should say."

"I don't suppose I should have known much about it, as you call it, if I had staid till Doomsday."

"I daresay not; I daresay not. Men who begin as late as you did never know what official life really means. Now I've been at it all my life, and I think I do understand it."

"It is not a profession I should like unless where it's joined with politics," said Harold Smith.

"But then it's apt to be so short," said Sir Raffle Buffle.

Now it had happened once in the life of Mr. Harold Smith that he had been in a Ministry, but, unfortunately, that Ministry had gone out almost within a week of the time of Mr. Smith's accession. Sir Raffle and Mr. Smith had known each other for many years, and were accustomed to make civil little speeches to each other in society.

"I'd sooner be a horse in a mill than have to go to an office every day," said Mrs. Smith, coming to her husband's assistance. "You, Sir Raffle, have kept yourself fresh and pleasant through it all; but who besides you ever did?"

"I hope I am fresh," said Sir Raffle; "and as for pleasantness, I will leave that for you to determine."

"There can be but one opinion," said Mrs. Thorne.

HON. THOMAS F. FOSTER, a member of Congress from Georgia, once begged an honorable member who had persisted in a long, prosy speech, to desist.

"I shall not desist," he replied, "I am not speaking for the benefit of the honorable gentleman from Georgia. I am not speaking for this House. I am speaking, sir, for posterity."

"Yes," replied Foster, petulantly, "and if you keep on a little longer, posterity will hear you."

The Pest of the Neighborhood.

"AND who says he is not the Pest of the Neighborhood?" remarked one of his victims. "Didn't he thrash our girl Jane because she would not give him some of baby's candy? did not the scamp pull sis's nose because there was a sore pimple on it, and make the poor thing cry so? and even the baker's boy he cannot let alone, but must for ever be stealing rolls and cakes out of his basket; and to crown it all, neighbor Simpson's little girl, as she came from the milk store, was upset by this wisp—down she came, and smashed her pitcher all to pieces—which has made her sweetheart, red-headed little Bill, vow that when he grows a man the first thing he will do will be to take and thrash this 'Pest of the Neighborhood.'"

"Look at him! see him putting on airs! smoking a butt he has just picked out of the gutter, trying to make believe he is a gentleman. The dirty, nasty, filthy fellow! that I should say such a thing, and I would not say it neither, but every one says so, and Mr. Brown says so. He has seen him often; so often, that he painted a picture of the 'Pest' and gave it to me, and I give it to you just as I got it—and ain't it real good?"

The Excise Law, and the Various Methods Resorted to for Evading It.

OUR series of illustrations shows the effects of the Excise law upon the various classes of society. The rich man has his luxurious club, to which he resorts upon Sunday, and there finds no difficulty in getting anything to drink which he wants. The middle class man has also his club, and the German his, at which beer flows so unrestrainedly and innocuously, on Sundays as any other day. And thus through all the social strata. The lesson taught by these facts, if they could only be rightly considered by the impracticable reformers, is that it is impossible to legislate men into self-denial. The only result of any such attempt is to set people at work in devising means to evade the law, and thus, instead of stopping the evil, there is only superadded demoralization inevitable from a widespread endeavor to evade the law. The whole course of history shows the evil results of making conventional crimes out of actions which in themselves are perfectly harmless. The moderate use of liquor must be allowed to come under this category of actions, and the only result of making its use on Sunday, or any other day, a crime, has always been, and always will be, to add a spice of daring to the infraction of the law, and thus increase the temptations to an excessive use of it, upon such times as it is forbidden. The lesson of history is thrown away upon our legislators, if they have not learned that a free people, of all others, must be led, and cannot be coerced. And the result of the system of legislation represented by the Excise law will be only a further proof of this truth.

Wood's New Jointed Bar Mower.

THIS machine was one of the articles exhibited in the American section of the Paris Exposition, which gained a gold medal. The following description of its construction will explain its working and its merits:

The machine runs upon two driving wheels, each furnished with an internal gear, which meshes into ratchet gear wheels, thus making of each an independent driving wheel. The driving wheels are placed the right distance apart, to run in the tracks made for them by the track clearer, and thus avoid running over the cut crop. The entire frame, upon which is placed the gearing, is supported by and tilts upon the main axle. The tongue is pivoted at its rear end to the main axle, by a cast iron connection, which supports the driver upon a spring seat; this seat can be removed at pleasure, and is so placed that the driver's weight balances entirely the weight of the tongue, so that there is no pressure upon the horses' necks.

A hinge connection is formed between the finger-bar with its cutting apparatus and the main frame, by a cast iron shoe piece; this shoe piece is furnished with a recess for the reception of the finger-bar at the proper place. The rear end of the shoe being pivoted to a casting upon the lower side of the main frame near the axle, the casting being furnished with a vertical slot for the reception of the rear end of the main shoe, the front end of the shoe is connected by a hinge to a steel spring, which is bolted firmly to the front outer corner of the main frame, so that the shoe has the function of turning upon an axis in the line of its length, as well as a vertical motion by reason of the slot at its rear, and the spring connection at its forward end. The shoe has also attached to it a leading wheel, which can be graduated. A smaller wheel is placed upon the dividing shoe at the outer end of the finger-bar, and by means of the two wheels, the height of the stubble can be regulated. A new lever arrangement is attached to raise the finger-bar to pass obstructions and hold it at any desired height, both ends of the bar being raised at the same time. An arrangement for throwing in and out of gear is attached to the machine. The cutting apparatus is made precisely as heretofore, a construction so generally and successfully adopted in the "Wood Mower." The guard fingers are made of malleable iron, and are faced with steel plates securely riveted in, and attached to the bar by bolts, so they can be readily removed and replaced. The frame is made of wood, firmly bolted together. With this brief description of the Mower, in addition to the accompanying illustrations, the farmer can judge of its mechanical construction.

CYNICISM AND SATIRE.

It would be a most interesting historical work to trace the manner in which literary types have arisen, the circumstances that gave them birth and the

influence they have exerted. And here a distinction must be established between principal types and secondary types. The latter are as numerous as secondary poets and men of talent—the former as few as representative men and writers of the first order—nay, great types are few even comparatively to the number of men of genius, for not all these have left types behind them. Montaigne, Bacon, Milton, have not, while less exalted names have taken up the office of leaving an ideal representative of their age. Sometimes men of genius have delineated characters which belong to another age: thus Byron's "Don Juan," and his "Childe Harold," belong to the Eighteenth century, and have nothing in common with the aspirations of the Nineteenth. The consideration of all characters which, in dramatic or narrative works, may claim the rank of types, would embrace the entire range of literature.

Of course the more intimate absolute characteristic of literary types must be common to them all, just as the bodies of men are all fashioned after the same absolute model, though presenting innumerable relative differences of conformation and feature. The common basis of the types must be an element common to all ages, since the types are produced by those ages. In order, therefore, to find it, we have but to ask what is the great element common to all ages, whether heroic or prosaic, religious or irreligious, superstitious or enlightened? If we glance at the great productions of all countries and times, from the Book of Job to Werther, we shall find that the existence of evil is the phenomenon which has most struck the imagination of mankind and given rise to most deep searchings and effusions of sentiment. Even the existence of God does not strike our senses with such overpowering force as the presence on earth of an element contrary to man's welfare. The problem of evil obtrudes itself, as it were, upon man, who cannot rest till he has attempted to answer the question, who feels himself irresistibly prompted to take cognizance of evil, whether to explain, affirm, or even deny it. The existence of evil has differently affected different classes of men; the illiterate becoming superstitious, have conjured up gnomes, goblins, evil influences without number; thinking men have

cul, which is a protest against either real or fancied evil, may be serious or sprightly, bitter or frolicsome, according to the evil which it assails. Addison's exquisitely caustic strictures on the absurdities of fashion, belong to the slightest species of ridicule, because the evil against which they protest is but a trifling one. They resemble airy gnats attacking with their sharp stings insects scarcely more ponderous than themselves. But Swift's satire being aimed at social shortcomings which, as long as they exist, produce much evil, becomes a serious, bitter, pitiless satire—a sardonic laugh very different from Addison's good-humored smile. Satire in the middle ages was a bitter and almost despairing protest; wherever great woes are in existence, the popular mind strives to react, to prop itself up against them by ridicule, however coarse and grim.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

THE great debates on home and foreign politics ought not to prevent the public from attending to facts connected with the general movement of modern civilization with which our country is very creditably identified.

Amongst these facts there is none more important in our eyes than the persevering effort made for some years by the élite of the intellectual men of France and Europe to realize a monetary uniformity between the various States. Definite unity in the medium of exchange would be, in a certain way, the introduction of a universal language for the settlement of accounts. Our readers are aware how individual conveniences in this matter are connected with the interests of commercial society. Already the convention of the 23d of December, 1865, has grouped together the forces of the monetary circulation of France, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy. The Papal States and Greece have since entered into this arrangement. Lastly, an international Conference, in which twenty Governments were represented, has just met in Paris, where it held its last sitting on the 8th July.

There is therefore a serious movement in the sense of the possible unification of the money of different

reduction of 0.825 per cent. in fine gold, lowering the value of the English monetary unit by scarcely twenty centimes.

On the part of Austria the difference to be got over is also trifling, in order to find between her money and ours the desired equivalents. A Commission assembled at Vienna has even advised that the present value of the florin should be modified so that gold pieces of 10 florins could be struck which would exactly represent 25 francs, and which would be the new basis of the Austrian monetary system. The American dollar and Russian rouble would be easily modified to the value of a five-franc piece in France; but the Prussian thaler, equal to 3*fr.* 7*cs.*, appears difficult to be assimilated in a like way.

The Conference has given up the idea of advising the States to adopt the general and immediate adoption of an identical system. They were, however, unanimous on this point, that the constitutive element of monetary unification in future ought to be sought for in the standard of gold, with silver in case of need as a transitory companion. After having adopted gold as the basis of the desired union, it was only by a common denominator superior to the franc that it was possible to realize useful equations between the systems to be assimilated. This denominator has naturally appeared to be the weight of 5 francs of gold.

INK.

FROM the particulars collected by Winckelmann and others concerning the ink of the ancients, it would seem that it differed very little from that which the Orientals still employ, and which is really better adapted than our own thin vitriolic inks to the formation of their written characters; and this is also true of the Hebrew, the letters of which are more easily and properly formed with this ink than with our own, and with reeds than with our quills or steel pens. The ink is usually composed of lampblack or powdered charcoal, prepared with gum and water, and sold in small grains something resembling gunpowder. The writer who wants to replenish his ink-horn puts some of this

into it, and adds a little water, but not enough to render the ink thinner than that used by printers. Those who use much of it work up the ink grains with water—much in the same manner that artists prepare their colors. In the manuscripts written with this ink the characters appear of a most intense and glossy black, which never changes its hue, never eats into the paper, nor even becomes indistinct or obliterated, except from the action of water, by which it is more easily spoiled than our own manuscripts. The Eastern scribes also write in gold, and with inks of various brilliant colors, particularly red and blue. These details respecting modern Oriental ink agree well with what has been ascertained concerning the ink of the ancients. It is still the custom in the East, as in biblical times, to carry the ink-horn attached to the girdle. Dr. Kitto, in commenting on a verse in the 9th chapter of Ezekiel—"One man among them was clothed with linen, with a writer's ink-horn by his side"—informs us that scribes carry them constantly in their girdles, and ministers of state wear them in the same manner, as symbols of their office. The form of these receptacles is adapted to this custom; that in most general use is a flat case, about nine inches long by an inch and a quarter broad, and a half an inch thick, the hollow of which serves to contain the reed pens and penknife. It is usually of polished metal, brass, copper or silver.



THE PEST OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD. —FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN. —PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, N. Y.

peoples. Without entering here into technical and too precise details, we will endeavor to state the present state of the question, and explain in a few words the theoretical bases which the Conference has laid down to render the solution more prompt and easy.

In this matter, two points are to be distinguished in each country: the composition of the national circulating medium, from the point of view of the metal predominant in it; and the form that circulation has taken, that is to say, the different names of coins, their title, shape and value.

With regard to the elements which compose the circulation, the most striking phenomenon we notice is this, that in proportion as gold becomes more abundant by the working of the mines of California and Australia, it tends to substitute itself for silver as a means of exchange, in consequence of the particular qualities it possesses for this function. After fifteen years—after having established itself in the United States and England, it has invaded France, from whence it has driven its old rival. Now it is introducing itself into India, and is beginning to force itself into Germany.....

With regard to the pieces themselves, the diversity is, so to speak, infinite. Each people has its monetary unit: the United States the dollar, the Spanish Republics of South America the piastre, England the pound sterling, North Germany the thaler, Austria the florin, Russia the rouble, &c. Would it be possible to collect all this circulating coin, and re-melt it into a new unit, making tables of equivalents for old debts?

The problem thus put forward, and it is so by theoretical minds, appears to us insoluble, and this marvelous creation of a common and identical means of exchange between civilized peoples resembles a Utopia.

But partial solutions permit of this rapprochement being effected little by little, and of the monetary union formed by the Convention of the 23d of December, 1865 (which counts already 73,000,000 of adherents), being increased by fresh territories, of which some, as England, are of incomparable wealth.

It is observed in fact that there exists between the English sovereign, containing 113,002 grains of fine gold, and 2*fr.* of French gold, but a difference of 64 milligrammes—a difference which would be removed by a

THE PLEASURE OF PURSUIT.—There is a *mot* cited of Marguerite of Valois, which has been characterized as embodying the secret of her life—"Voulez-vous cesser d'aimer? possédez la chose aimée." What says Gilbert Gurney of his feelings when he has won his bride? "I felt just as if I had bought a new toy at a very large price. It was very agreeable; yet somehow the rest of the thing was gone—I had caught my hare—the chase was over," and so was the hunter's enthusiasm. This is quite in Theodore Hook's style. But is not Mr. Anthony Trollope on much the same scent when, declining, indeed to say that the happiness of marriage is like the Dead Sea fruit—an apple which, when eaten, turns to bitter ashes in the mouth—for "such pretended sarcasm would be very false," he yet treats it as a fact that the sweetest morsel of love's feast has been eaten, that the freshest, fairest blush of the flower has been snatched and has passed away when once the ceremony at the altar has been performed and legal possession has been given. "There is an aroma of love an undefinable delicacy of flavor, which escapes and is gone before the church portal is left, vanishing with the maiden name, and incompatible with the solid comfort appertaining to the rank of wife..... No; when the husband walks back from the altar, he has already swallowed the choicest dainties of his banquet. The beef and pudding of married life are then in store for him; or perhaps only the bread and cheese." Mr. Trollope even bids him take care lest hardly a crust remain—or perhaps not a crust. There is a good reason, as Mr. Lewes remarks, in one of his physiological essays, why novels always end with the marriage of the hero and heroine: our interest being always more excited by the struggles than by the results of victory. "So long as the lovers are unhappy, or apart, and are eager to vanquish obstacles, our sympathy is active; but no sooner are they happy than we begin to look elsewhere for other struggles to whom to bestow our interest."

On a terrace at Portsmouth, England, past which the railroad trains rush with tremendous speed, the society for promoting the Gospel have caused to be inscribed, "Prepare to meet thy God."

HOME INCIDENTS.

Water Better than Rum.

A little man in the west of Maryland rushed to the Potomac river a few days ago, swearing that he would drown himself. When he had waded in to the depth of his waist, his wife, who had followed him, seized him by the hair of the head, and then, as a spectator describes it, "she led him back until he had reached a place where the water was about two feet deep, where she pulled him over backward, sousing his head under, and then pulling his head up again. 'Drown yourself (down he went), leaving me to take care of the children! (another plunge); get drunk! (another souse), and start for the river. (Another dip). Better use the water instead of the rum. (Another dip and shake of the head). I'll teach you to leave me a widow!' After sousing him to her heart's content, she led him out a better if not a wiser man, and escorting him to the house, shut the door."

A Burglar Trapped.

A burglar was thus handsomely trapped a few nights since: The house of a resident of Brooklyn was entered about midnight, and the occupant, Mr. —, awakened.



WATER BETTER THAN RUM.

As he arose in bed he saw standing in the room a rough-looking man with a bludgeon in his hand. "What do you want here?" inquired Mr. —. "I want your money or your life," suddenly replied the thief. "You do, eh?" exclaimed Mr. —, and he slipped his hand under his pillow and drew forth a splendid revolver. "You do, eh?" he repeated, and sprang from the bed, presenting the revolver at the head of the thief. "Now, sir, I want your money or your life, he continued, still presenting his revolver. The thief comprehended the situation at a glance, and fairly "shook in his boots," as he stammered, "I will go out, sir!" "No you won't, until you give me your money—then you may go." The thief drew from his pocket ten dollars, and handed the sum over. "Now I want your coat." This was delivered. "Now I will take your shirt, boots and pants." The thief hesitated. "If you don't take them off instantly I will shoot you dead where you stand, and throw your body out of the window." The thief complied and stood naked. "Now you may leave," said —, "by the same way you come—through that window, down the shed and over the fence. And if I ever see you within fifty yards of this house again, day or night, I'll shoot you dead—so



A BURGLAR TRAPPED.

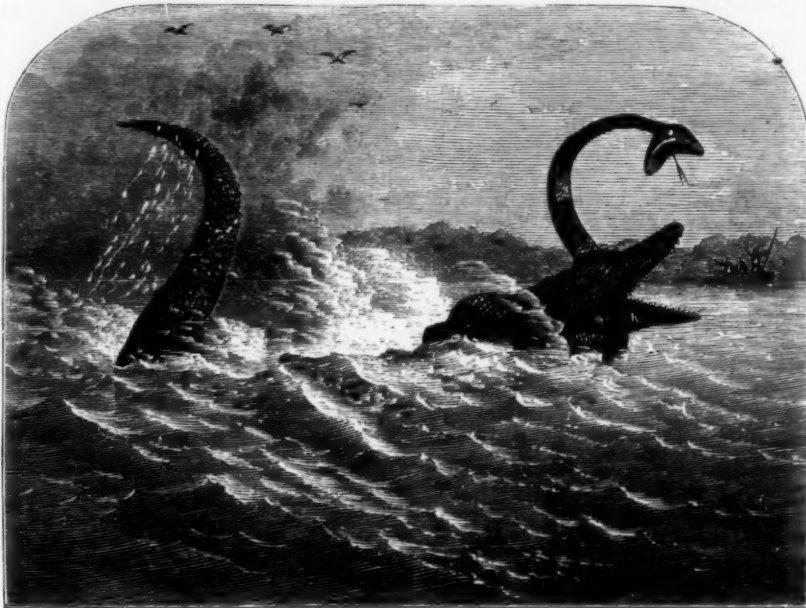
help me God!" The thief took his departure, and when — related his adventure next morning to the family, who were entirely undisturbed by it, he was obliged to exhibit his captured clothing and money to induce belief.

Fight Between a Monstrous Water-Snake and an Alligator.

A Southern correspondent sends us the following: A party of gentlemen, while recently fishing upon Kickapoo Lake, Mississippi, were attracted by an unusual noise in the water about 200 yards distant, and on approaching nearer it was discovered that an enormous snake, fully twenty feet in length, was engaged in a deadly combat with an alligator. The snake finally vanquished his opponent by encircling him in his folds and crushing him to death.

Trying It On.

The following is told as having happened at a recent revival meeting in New Hampshire, at which —, a celebrated revivalist, presided. He is in the habit of addressing his congregation in this wise: "I am now going to pray, and I want all that desire to be prayed for to send up their names on a piece of paper." On the occasion to which we refer, there was at once sent



FIGHT BETWEEN A MONSTER WATER-SNAKE AND ALLIGATOR.

up to the desk quite a pile of little slips of paper, with the names on whose behalf he was to wrestle, as he said, with the Almighty. A pause soon ensued, when he said: "Send 'em up! I can pray for five thousand just as easy as I can pray for a dozen. Send 'em up! If you haven't any paper, get up and name the friend you want prayed for." At this stage of the proceedings a man, whom we shall call Oziel Briggs, a stalwart man of six feet and a half in his stockings, a notorious unbeliever and a wag to boot, rose in the midst of the congregation, and amidst the winks and becks and smiles of the auditory, said: "Mr. —, I want you to pray for Jim Thompson." The reverend petitioner saw, from the excitement of the audience, that Oziel

mark, but happened to be the other's wife. A slap in the face was the consequence, and a challenge came soon after. This was accepted, and the seconds selected a place. The wife got wind of the affair, and immediately took steps to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. Her first thought was to notify the police, but that might have given her husband the reputation of a coward; and she took a better method, by going to the house of the other party, where she met his wife, and a plan was soon concocted between the females. In the morning both husbands got up early; wives ditto. Husbands took carriages; and the wives—one armed with five children, and the other with three—took other vehicles in waiting. When the duelists arrived at the



TRYING IT ON.

was a hard case. "What is your name, sir; and who is Mr. Thompson?" "It's Jim Thompson; he keeps a tavern down in Thompsonville, and I keep a public-house a little below him. He is an infernal scoundrel, and I want to give him a lift." "But," said —, "have you faith in the power of prayer? Do you believe in the power of petition?" "That is neither here nor there," responded Oziel, "I want to try it on him!"

A Duel and Its Consequences.

A correspondent sends the following from Memphis: An amusing duel took place yesterday, about five miles from the city. It originated in a remark made by a man to his friend, on seeing a lady coming out of church. The lady was unknown to the person making the re-

spot they were somewhat astonished on seeing the other two carriages drive up with their passengers, who coolly informed the men that they also had come to fight, so as to make it a complete family quarrel, each at the same time producing an empty purse and a package of baby-linen as their arms and munitions of war. The little ones had pop-guns and fire-crackers, and soon indulged in a cry. It is useless to add that the blood-thirsty Benedicts made peace on the spot, and returned to Memphis in company with their seconds, to celebrate the affair over a champagne dinner.

Shocking Occurrence at a Circus.

In Rochester, recently, a circus with animals was exhibiting. The entertainment had passed off to the en-



A DUEL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

tire satisfaction of the spectators, and, as a crowning act, the large cage containing two lions and two lionesses was drawn into the ring, when Mr. Charles White, the keeper, entered it to exhibit his control over the ferocious beasts. All proceeded well for a time, but at length one of the lions began to be fractious and disobedient, whereupon Mr. White struck him two or three blows with a whip. Suddenly the animal made a spring and seized Mr. White by the shoulder with his teeth, shaking him as a dog would a rat and finally throwing him on his back upon the floor of the cage. Mr. White coolly awaited the issue. He was helpless for the moment, the lion, with both fore paws upon his breast, holding him down and retaining his shoulder within those terrible jaws. The angry growls of the ferocious beast were frightful and he was evidently determined to make the most of his opportunity. Mr. Noyes, one of the proprietors of the circus, happened fortunately to be near, and, seizing an iron bar, dashed the end of it against the lion's head with such force that the animal was surprised into relaxing his hold. In an instant Mr. White had regained his feet, and his control over the occupants of the cage. With a few well directed blows of the whip he reasserted his supremacy, and the recently victorious king of beasts was reduced



A SHOCKING OCCURRENCE AT A CIRCUS.

to submission. It would naturally be supposed that after such an experience Mr. White would be disposed to part company with his dangerous companions as soon as possible, but he is not made of the material to yield a point. He was terribly injured, the teeth of the lion having penetrated his shoulder deeply and lacerated the flesh in a shocking manner, besides crushing the bones so as to render the left arm almost useless. Despite his sufferings and the obvious ill-will of the lion, he proceeded with the performance to the end. Luckily the rage of the other lion and the lionesses had not been excited, and he had only one real enemy to fear. He compelled the savage animals to go through with their acts as usual, and concluded by feeding them a quantity of raw beef, handing the meat in pieces to each animal in turn. He then quietly left the cage, and not till then was any one made aware of the serious character of his hurts.

Saved by the Police.

Recently a countryman of William Tell, named Joseph Store, was standing on the ferry landing in St. Louis, when the steamer Springfield, commanded by Captain A. Gnyon, pushed out. By some means the Switzer fell from the landing into the water, and sank like a cork of



RESCUED BY THE POLICE.

cheese. He soon rose to the surface, however, and Police Officer A. J. Bellows, seeing that the man could not swim, jerked up a plank and threw it to him, which he seized with one hand, and might have done very well if he had employed both hands, but he kept the fingers of one hand tightly closed, and the spectators supposed he was grasping something of more value than his life—a diamond, perhaps, or a commission as street inspector. Captain Dickey, who is always ready to risk his life in doing a good deed, came to the assistance of Officer Bellows, and reaching over from the ferry flat, while several men held him by the heels, succeeded in catching hold of the drowning man and drawing him to terra firma. The Switzer spurted out a quart or two of muddy water, and was soon enabled to draw his breath. The first use he made of his recovered speech was to propose treating the crowd to lager-beer. They declined drinking, being curious to ascertain the nature of the treasure which Store had so tenaciously gripped in his hand. He was easily induced to gratify the general curiosity, and unclosing his fist, a ferry ticket and a five-cent nickel coin were displayed to the astonished gaze of the spectators.



MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE, SUSPECTING THAT MR. CAUDLE HAS MADE HIS WILL, IS "ONLY ANXIOUS AS HIS WIFE" TO KNOW ITS PROVISIONS.

"I ALWAYS said you'd a strong mind when you liked, Caudle; and what you've just been doing proves it. Some people won't make a will, because they think they must die directly afterward. Now, you're above that, love, aren't you? Nonsense; you know very well what I mean. I know your will's made, for Scratchierly told me so. What? You don't believe it? Well, I'm sure! That's a pretty thing for a man to say to his wife. I know he's too much a man of business to talk; but I suppose there's a way of telling things without speaking them. And when I put the question to him, lawyer as he is, he hadn't the face to deny it.

"To be sure, it can be of no consequence to me whether your will is made or not. I shall not be alive, Mr. Caudle, and want anything; I shall be provided for a long time before your will's of any use. No, Mr. Caudle; I sha'n't survive you; and—though a woman's wrong to let her affection for a man be known, for then she's always taken advantage of—though I know it's foolish and weak to say so, still I don't want to survive you. How should I? No, no; don't say that; I'm not good for a hundred—I sha'n't see you out, and another husband too. What a gross idea, Caudle! To imagine I'd ever think of marrying again. No—never! What? That's what we all say? Not at all; quite the reverse. To me the very idea of such a thing is horrible, and always was. Yes, I know very well that some do marry again—but what they're made of, I'm sure I can't tell—Ugh!

"There are men, I know, who leave their property in such a way that their widows, to hold it, must keep widows. Now, if there is anything in the world that is mean and small, it is that. Don't you think so too, Caudle? Why don't you speak, love? That's so like you! I never want a little quiet rational talk, but you want to go to sleep. But you never were like any other man! What? How do I know? There now—that's so like your aggravating way. I never open my lips upon a subject, but you try to put me off. I've no doubt when Miss Prettyman speaks, you can answer her properly enough. There you are, again! Upon my life it is odd; but I never can in the most innocent way mention that person's name that—Why can't I leave her alone? I'm sure—with all my heart! Who wants to talk about her? I don't; only you always will say something that's certain to bring up her name.

"What was I saying, Caudle? Oh, about the way some men bind their widows. To my mind, there is nothing so little. When a man forbids his wife to marry again without losing what he leaves—it's what I call selfishness after death. Mean to a degree! It's like taking his wife into the grave with him. Eh? You never want to do that? No, I'm sure of that, love; you're not the man to tie a woman up in that mean manner. A man who'd do that, would have his widow burnt with him, if he could—just as those monsters, that call themselves men, do in the Indies.

"However, it's no matter to me how you've made your will; but it may be to your second wife. What? I shall never give you a chance? Ha! you don't know my constitution after all, Caudle. I'm not at all the woman I was. I say nothing about 'em, but very often you don't know my feelings. And as we're on the subject, dearest, I have only one favor to ask. When you marry again—now it's no use your saying that. After the comforts you've known of marriage—what are you sighing at, dear—after the comforts, you must marry again. Now don't forewear yourself in that violent way, taking an oath that you know you must break—you couldn't help it, I'm sure of it; and I know you better than you know yourself. Well, all I ask is, love, because it's only for your sake, and it would make no difference to me then—how should it?—but all I ask is, don't marry Miss Pret—There! there! I've done; I won't say another word about it; but all I ask is, don't. After the way you've been thought of, and after the comforts you've been used to, Caudle, she wouldn't be the wife for you. Of course, I could

then have no interest in the matter—you might marry the Queen of England, for what it would be to me then—I'm only anxious about you. Mind, Caudle, I'm not saying anything against her; not at all; but there's a flightiness in her manner—I dare say, poor thing, she means no harm, and it may be, as the saying is, only her manner after all—still, there is a flightiness about her that, after what you've been used to, would make you very wretched. Now, if I may boast of anything, Caudle, it is my propriety of manner the whole of my life. I know that wives who're very particular aren't thought as well of as those who're not—still, it's next to nothing to be virtuous, if people don't seem so. And virtue, Caudle—no, I'm not going to preach about virtue, for I never do. No; and I don't go about with my virtue, like a child with a drum, making all sorts of noises with it. But I know your principles. I shall never forget what I once heard you say to Prettyman; and it's no excuse that you'd taken so much wine you didn't know what you were saying at the time; for wine brings out men's wickedness, just as fire brings out spots of grease. What did you say? Why you said this:—'Virtue's a beautiful thing in women, when they don't make so much noise about it; but there's some women, who think virtue was given 'em, as claws were given to cats—yes, cats was the word—to do nothing but scratch with.' That's what you said. You don't recollect a syllable of it? No, that's it; when you're in that dreadful state, you recollect nothing; but it's a good thing I do.

"But we won't talk of that, love—that's all over; I dare say you meant nothing. But I'm glad you agree with me, that the man who'd tie up his widow, not to marry again, is a mean man. It makes me happy that you've that confidence in me to say that. You never said it? That's nothing to do with it—you've just as good as said it. No; when a man leaves all his property to his wife, without binding her hands from marrying again, he shows what a dependence he has upon her love. He proves to all the world what a wife she's been to him; and how, after his death, he knows she'll grieve for him. And then, of course, a second marriage never enters her head. But when she only keeps his money so long as she keeps a widow, why she's aggravated to take another husband. I'm sure of it; many a poor woman has been driven into wedlock again, only because she was spited into it by her husband's will. It's only natural to suppose it. If I thought, Caudle, you could do such a thing, though it would break my heart to do it—yet, though you were dead and gone, I'd show you I'd a spirit, and marry again directly. Not but what it's ridiculous my talking in such a way, as I shall go long before you; still, mark my words, and don't provoke me with any will of that sort, or I'd do it—as I'm a living woman in this bed to-night, I'd do it."

"I did not contradict her," says Caudle, "but suffered her to slumber in such assurance."

SHREWD TRADERS.—Everybody has heard of the Jew clothing-dealer who put farthings in waistcoat pockets to cheat buyers. "Dey feelsh de farden, ma tear, and dey believe it's a guinea—and dey buysh de coat." If we can believe the assertion of an Atlanta correspondent, some of the traders of that place are equally shrewd. He writes: "I heard of a good thing perpetrated by one of them, which was related by him to a New York 'drummer.' The merchant aforesaid is in the ready-made clothing business, and he told the gentleman from New York that when a customer came in, after letting him try on several coats, he would say to him that he had a coat which he had given a gentleman to take home the night before, but was not satisfied with it, and returned it. Perhaps it might fit his customer. 'Now you know,' says he, 'all men are more or less dishonest, so I put a pocket-book in one of the coat-pockets, which only cost me thirty or forty cents. Now, when he tries on the coat he puts his hands in the pockets and feels the pocket-book, and he buys the coat at once for a considerable advance on the usual price; and he never comes back to see about it.'

When cock-fighting was in fashion, a gentleman, having a match in the country, gave two cocks in charge to his Irish servant to carry down. Pat put them together in a bag, on opening which, on his arrival, he was not a little surprised to find one of them dead and the other terribly wounded. Being scolded by his master for putting them into the same bag, he said he did not think there was any danger of their hurting each other, as they were going to fight on the same side.

Vidocq's Last Exploit.

THE last exploit of Vidocq, the famous French detective, is said to have been as follows:

A rich man went to him to consult on a deficit of one hundred and fifty thousand francs which he had found on his books. Vidocq demanded: "What is the age of your cashier?"

"Twenty-five. But I am sure of him as of myself; he has also been robbed. He is a victim like myself."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"How old is your wife? Is she handsome? Is she honest?"

"Oh, yes, my wife is virtue itself—honorable, attached to me above all."

"Never mind all that; your cashier is twenty-five; is your wife handsome?"

"Since you insist upon knowing, she is handsome; but—"

"But!—but!—no matter about the but. You wish to find your money, don't you, and you have confidence in me?"

"Of course I have, since I am here."

"Very well, then, go back home; make believe that you are going on a journey, and introduce me into the house."

This was done; the merchant left home, and Vidocq hid himself in the closet near the chamber of the lady. Breakfast was served; a young man was shown in, and addressed thus by the madam:

"Very well, Arthur; he is gone, but he suspects us."

The rival of Carpentier went over a long tirade of love and desolation, concluding with these words:

"Only one road is left open for us; let us take what is left and embark for—"

Vidocq stepped out of his place of concealment.

Tableau.

"My children, be calm, or I'll break both your heads," said Vidocq. "We understand each other, I suppose. Now tell me where is the stolen money?"

"We have only one hundred thousand francs left," replied the woman.

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Oh, I swear it."

"Very well, give it to me."

The money was given over.

"Now, then, let this affair be forgotten; never speak of it to your husband, and he shall know nothing. As for you, sir, give me your delicate little thumb."

He placed handcuffs on the gentleman, conducted him to Havre, put him on a ship bound for America, and left him with the French adieu, "Go hang yourself elsewhere!"

Vidocq came to Paris and handed the one hundred thousand francs to the merchant, saying:

"Your cashier was the thief, but he spent fifty thousand francs of the money with a danseuse; I embarked him for New York."

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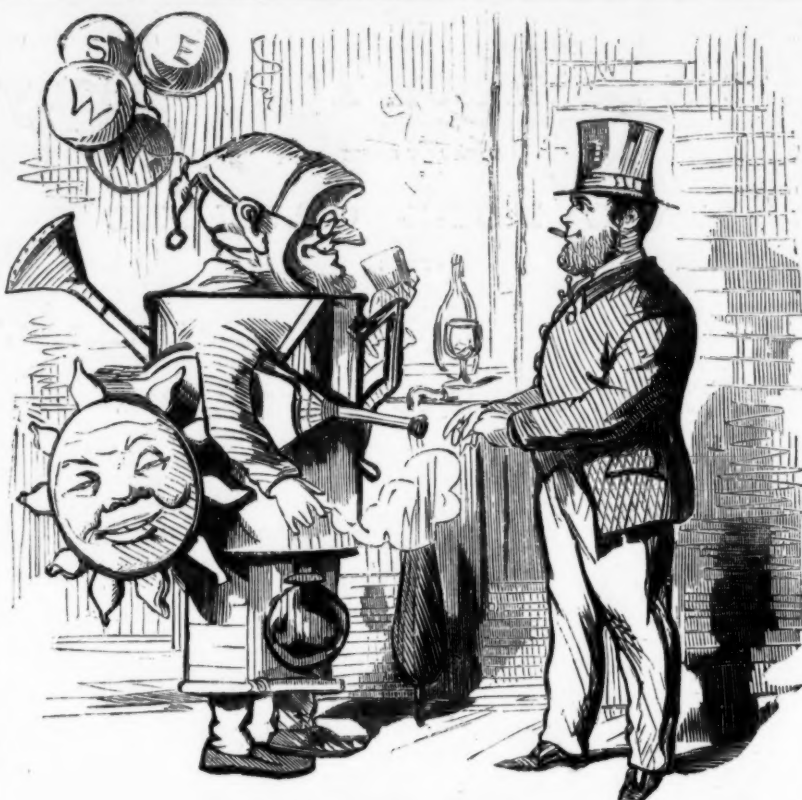
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